

P.  
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# PUNCH

COMICS

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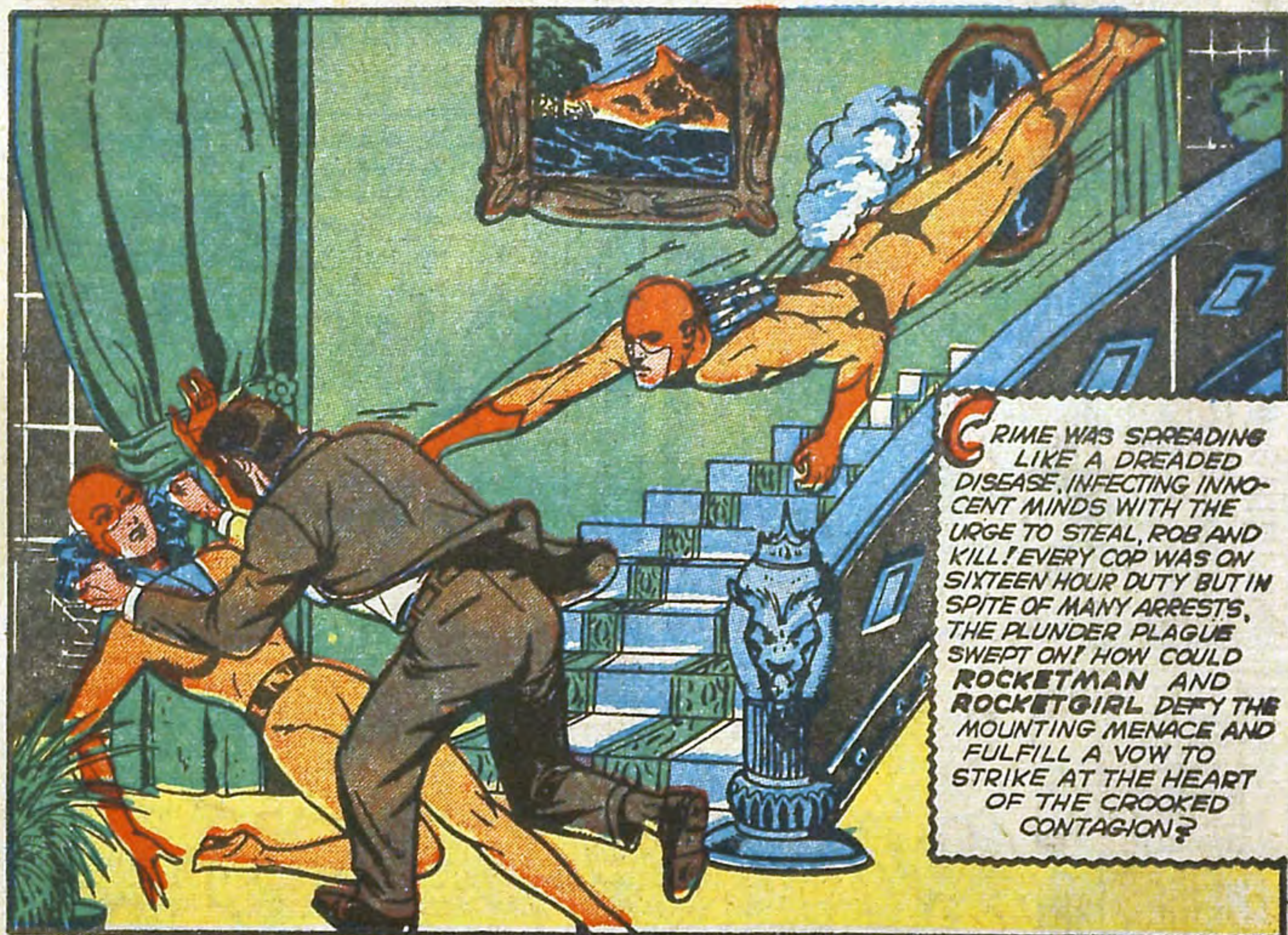
JULY





**WEB COMIC  
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**C**RIME WAS SPREADING LIKE A DREADED DISEASE, INFECTING INNOCENT MINDS WITH THE URGE TO STEAL, ROB AND KILL! EVERY COP WAS ON SIXTEEN HOUR DUTY BUT IN SPITE OF MANY ARRESTS, THE PLUNDER PLAGUE SWEEPED ON! HOW COULD **ROCKETMAN** AND **ROCKETGIRL** DEFY THE MOUNTING MENACE AND FULFILL A VOW TO STRIKE AT THE HEART OF THE CROOKED CONTAGION?



**A** SNARLING JUVENILE DELINQUENT IS CAUGHT AS HE TRIES TO SNEAK INTO HIS HOME...

LAY OFF ME, COPPER! YOU CAN'T PROVE NOTHING!

OH, NO? THE KID YOU PULLED THAT STICKUP WITH WAS HAULED IN-- AND HE SPILLED EVERYTHING!



DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH, FLATFOOT! JOEY WOULDN'T DARE TELL WHO GAVE US THE GUN!

THAT'S THE BITTER TRUTH! THEY'RE ALL MORE AFRAID OF MR. X THAN THEY ARE OF THE HOT SEAT!

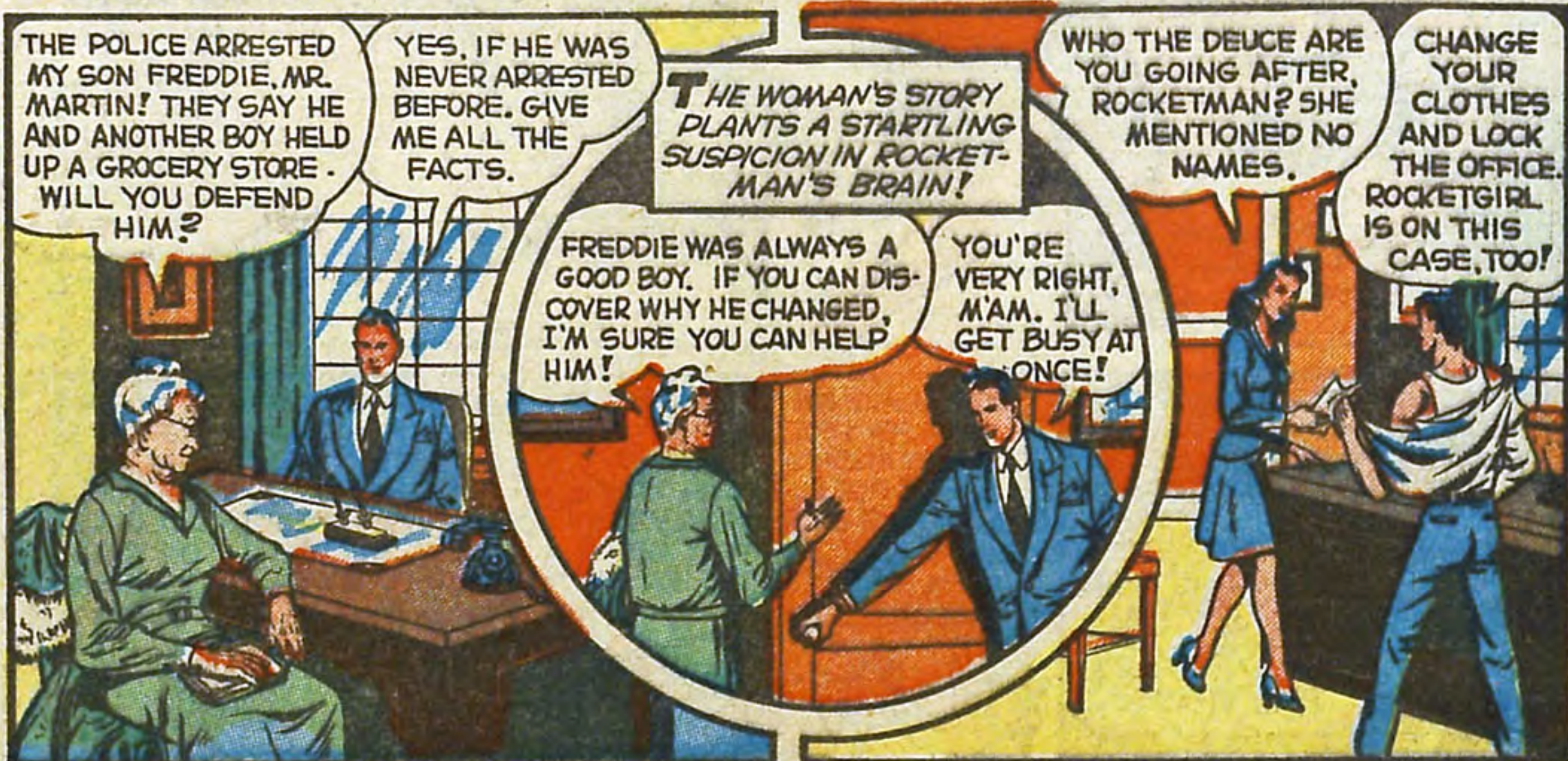
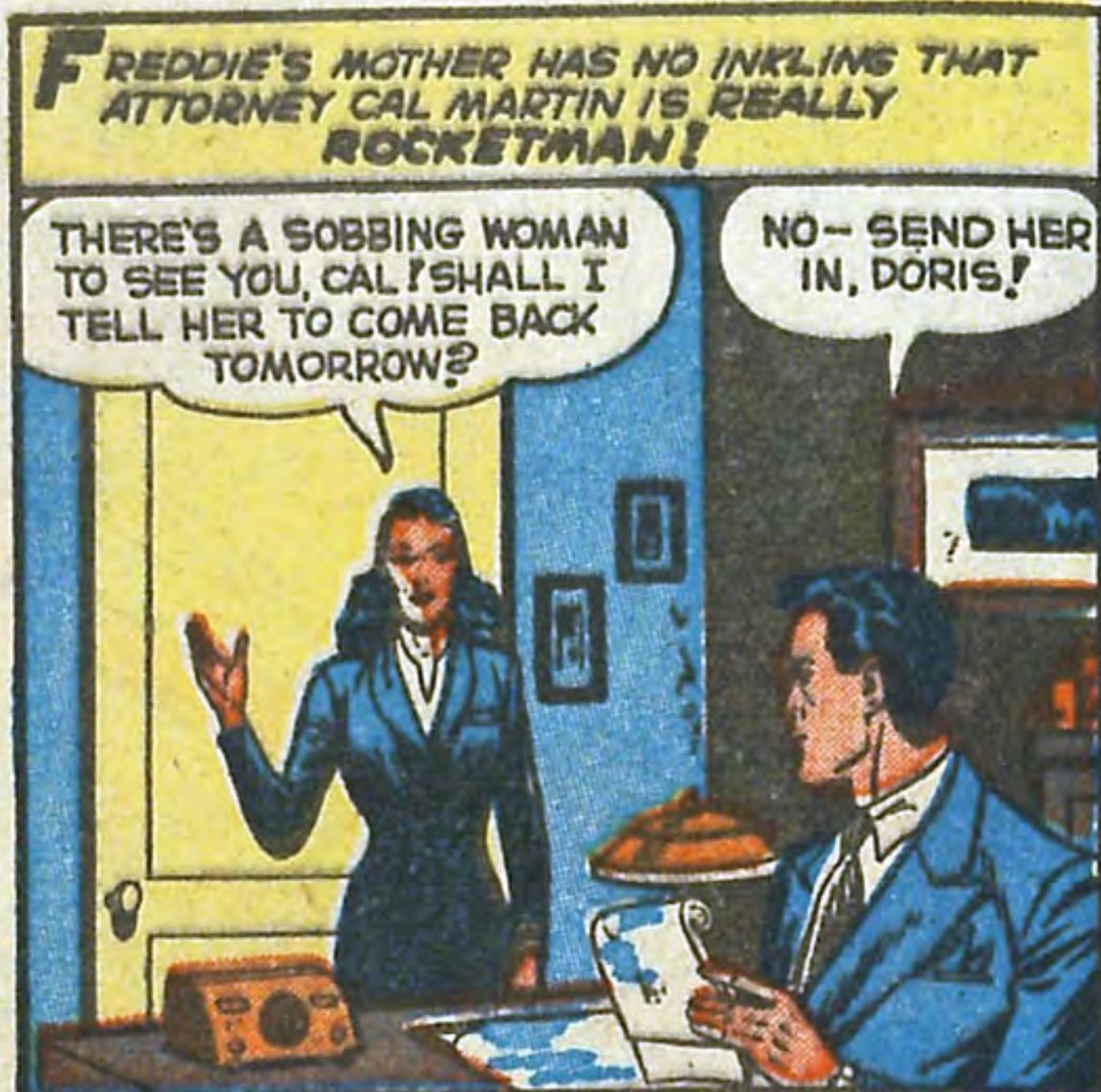


BUT, OFFICER! FREDDIE WAS ALWAYS A GOOD BOY! I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY HE SUDDENLY TURNED BAD!

LADY, IF YOU KNEW THE ANSWER, THE CHIEF WOULD PIN A MEDAL ON YOU!

# ROCKETMAN













I'M TAKING NO CHANCE ON THESE KIDS IF ROCKETMAN SUSPECTS THEM! I'D BETTER STAGE ANOTHER EXECUTION!



I DIDN'T TELL 'EM—HONEST I DIDN'T, SKIPPER!

OF COURSE YOU DIDN'T! MR. X WANTS ALL YOU KIDS IN SQUAD THIRTEEN AT GANG HEADQUARTERS TONIGHT--PASS THE WORD AROUND!

**A**N HOUR LATER AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS



COMMISSIONER WANTS YOU, INSPECTOR. IS THE KID STARTING TO BREAK DOWN?

NO, HE'S AS TOUGH AS THE GROWN-UP THUGS WE'VE THIRD DEGREE'D! THIS MR. X MUST HYPNOTIZE 'EM!

WHA--? ROCKETMAN! WHERE'S THE COMMISSIONER?

HE RUSHED DOWN TO THE LOCKUP TO SEE FREDDIE, THE KID WHO WAS PULLED IN FOR THE ROBBERY!



YOU TOLD THE COMMISSIONER WHO MR. X IS, AND HE THINKS THE KID WILL BREAK DOWN WHEN HE TELLS HIM? PHOOEY!

AND MORE PHOOEY, INSPECTOR! BECAUSE MR. X--WHOEVER HE IS--PRETENDS TO BE JOHN C. DAVIS!



YOU WERE RIGHT, ROCKETMAN! FREDDIE BROKE WHEN I NAMED DAVIS! BUT WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE INSPECTOR?

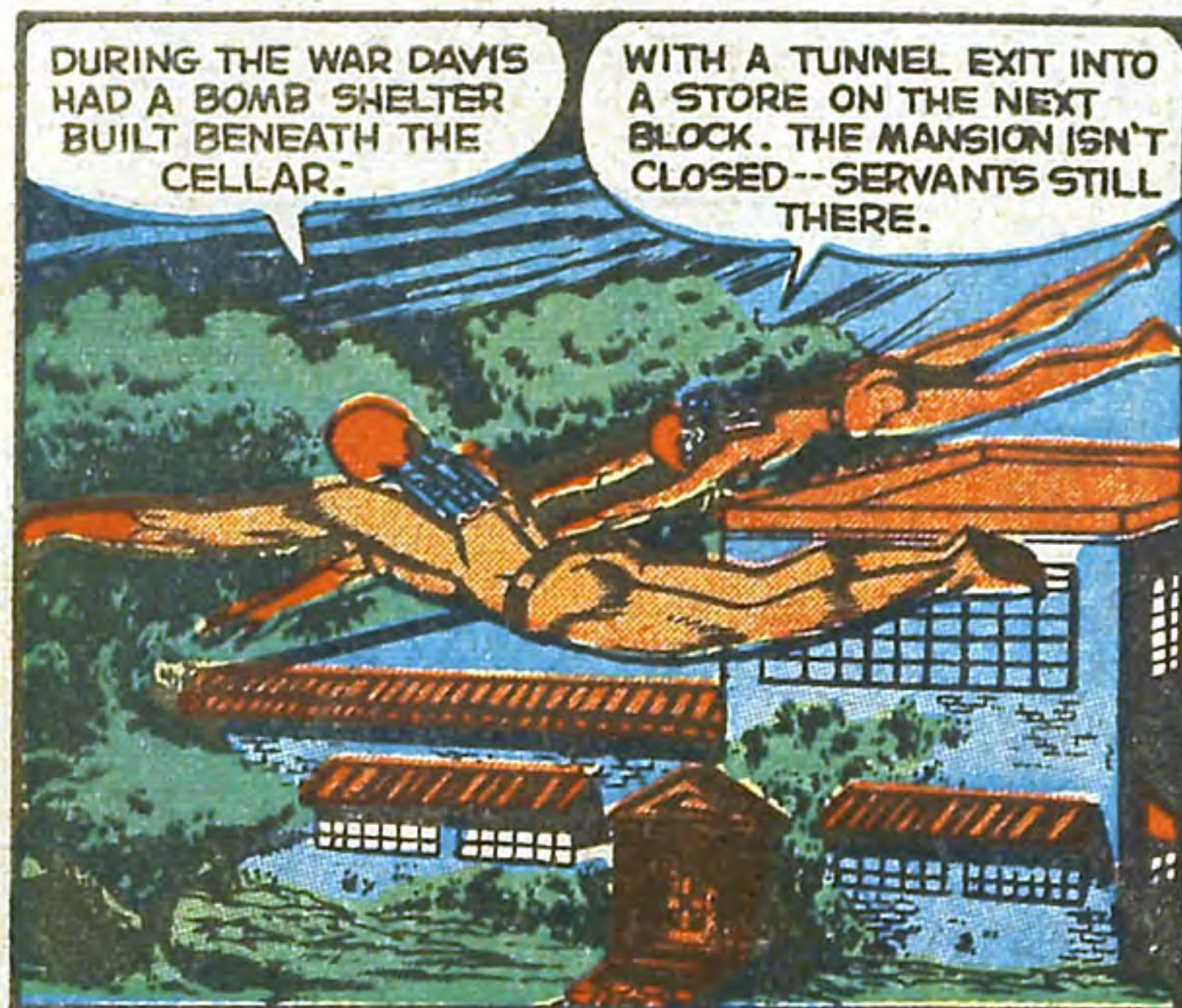
FAINTED. THIS CRIME WAVE IS WEARING OUT YOUR MEN. WE'VE GOT TO NAIL MR. X TONIGHT!



YOU'RE UP AGAINST A MASTER CROOK, A SVENGALI! WE'LL WIRE MR. DAVIS TO RETURN FROM FLORIDA!

DAVIS IS TOO ILL TO TRAVEL. WE'RE GOING OVER TO HIS HOUSE NOW FOR A LOOK-SEE.





DURING THE WAR DAVIS HAD A BOMB SHELTER BUILT BENEATH THE CELLAR.

WITH A TUNNEL EXIT INTO A STORE ON THE NEXT BLOCK. THE MANSION ISN'T CLOSED--SERVANTS STILL THERE.



MR. DAVIS IS HAVING SOME TROUBLE. WE'D LIKE TO ASK SOME QUESTIONS AND LOOK AROUND.

AHEM! YES, OF COURSE-- PLEASE STEP IN!



ER, UH--JUST A MOMENT, PLEASE!

THANKS--BUT WE CAN FIND OUR WAY AROUND.



NO, HE'S NOT FOLLOWING US! HE'S RUNNING THROUGH THE ROOMS DOWN-STAIRS!

DOWN THIS LAUNDRY CHUTE TO THE CELLAR FOR A PEEK AT THE BOMB SHELTER!



SEE! THAT'S WHAT YOU GET FOR SQUEALING!

JACK AND ME WUZ PALS! I CAN'T BELIEVE THAT HE BLABBED!



THROUGH THE GLASS TANK YOU WILL WATCH THE ACID DISSOLVE THIS TRAITOR!

STOP HIM, FELLAS! I DIDN'T TIP THE COPS! I HATE COPS!



GET AWAY, YOU IDIOT! BACK ON THE BENCH--ALL OF YOU!

GIVE HIM THE WORKS, FELLAS! HE CAN'T MAKE US STEAL FOR HIM ANY MORE!



THAT OLD CROOK DISGUISED HIMSELF AS MR. DAVIS AND TAUGHT THOSE POOR BOYS TO ROB AND STEAL!

NOW THEY'RE TEACHING HIM! BUT HE DIDN'T WORK ALONE -- LET'S FIND HIS HENCHMEN!

WHY DIDN'T YOU STEP ON THE BUZZER WHEN YOU LET 'EM IN? GET UNDER THE STAIRS AND USE THAT GUN THIS TIME!

GUARD THE FRONT DOOR--HEY! WHAT'S THE MATTER?

YOU DON'T GET AWAY THIS TIME, BABY!

ROCKETMAN!

THE COPS AIN'T AS ROUGH AS ROCKETMAN! I'M CALLING IT QUILTS!

LATER-- AT HEADQUARTERS...

THE KIDS ALMOST KILLED WHITEY BURKE! HE AND SKIPPER NASH ARE IN THE PRISON WARD!

THE BUTLER ADMITTED HIS PAL WHITEY HYPNOTIZED THE KIDS, SO THE LAW WON'T HOLD THEM RESPONSIBLE FOR THEIR CRIMES!

AFTER A HEARING IN COURT THE NEXT DAY.

JUDGE BAKER RELEASED THE BOYS WHO HAD NO PREVIOUS CRIMINAL RECORDS.

PLEASE--TELL MR. MARTIN TO THANK ROCKETMAN AND ROCKETGIRL--IF HE EVER FINDS OUT WHO THEY ARE!



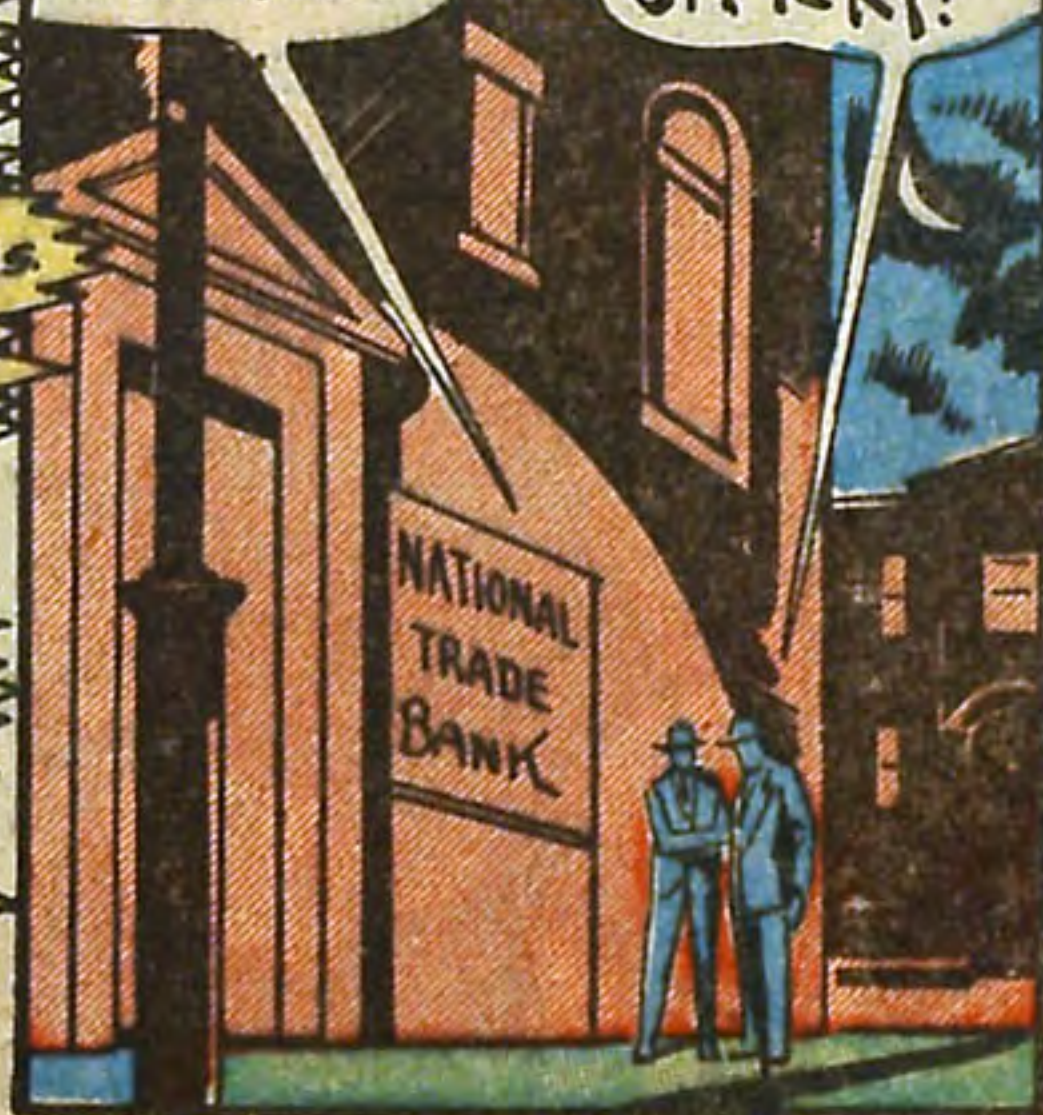
# MASTER KEY



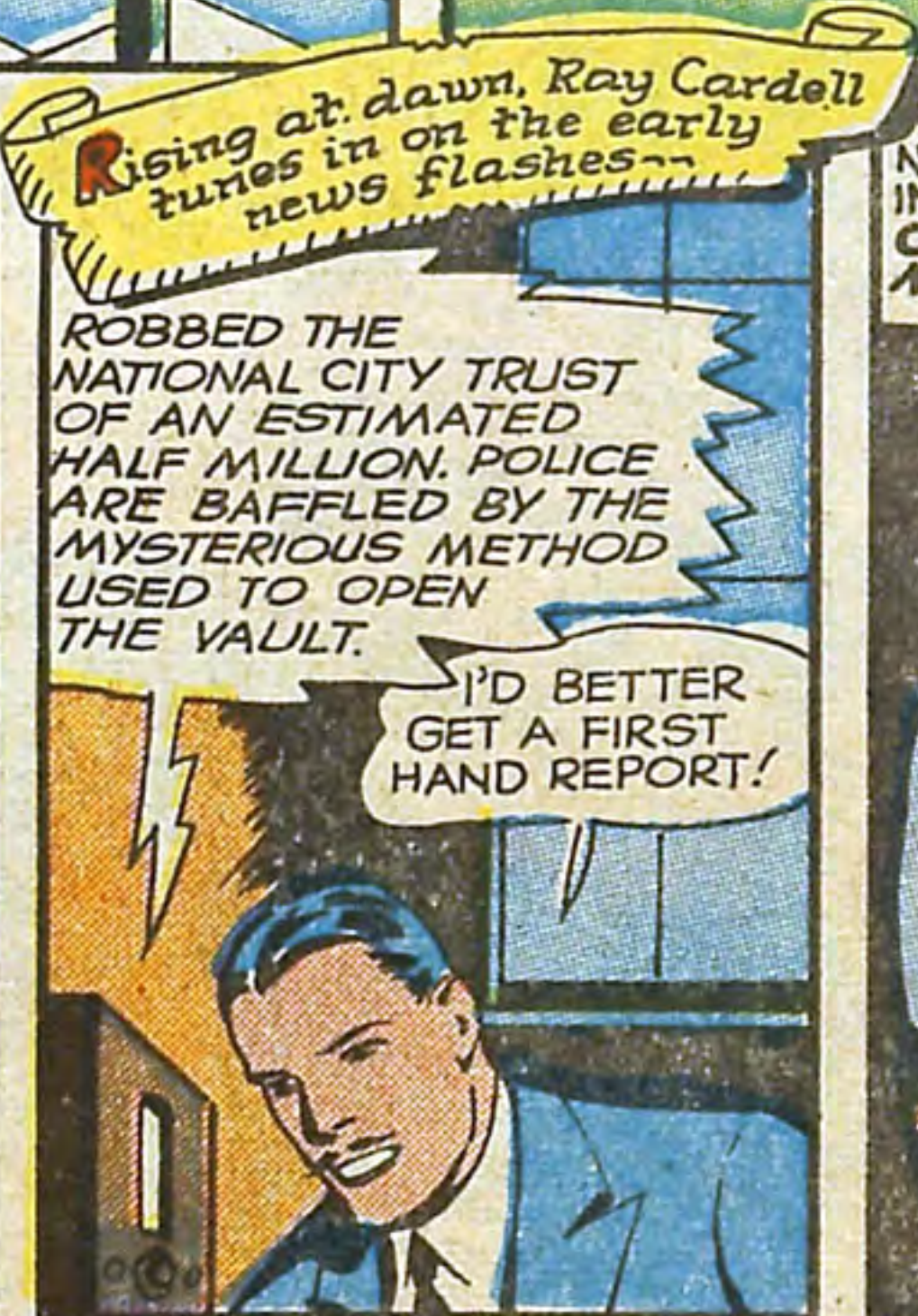
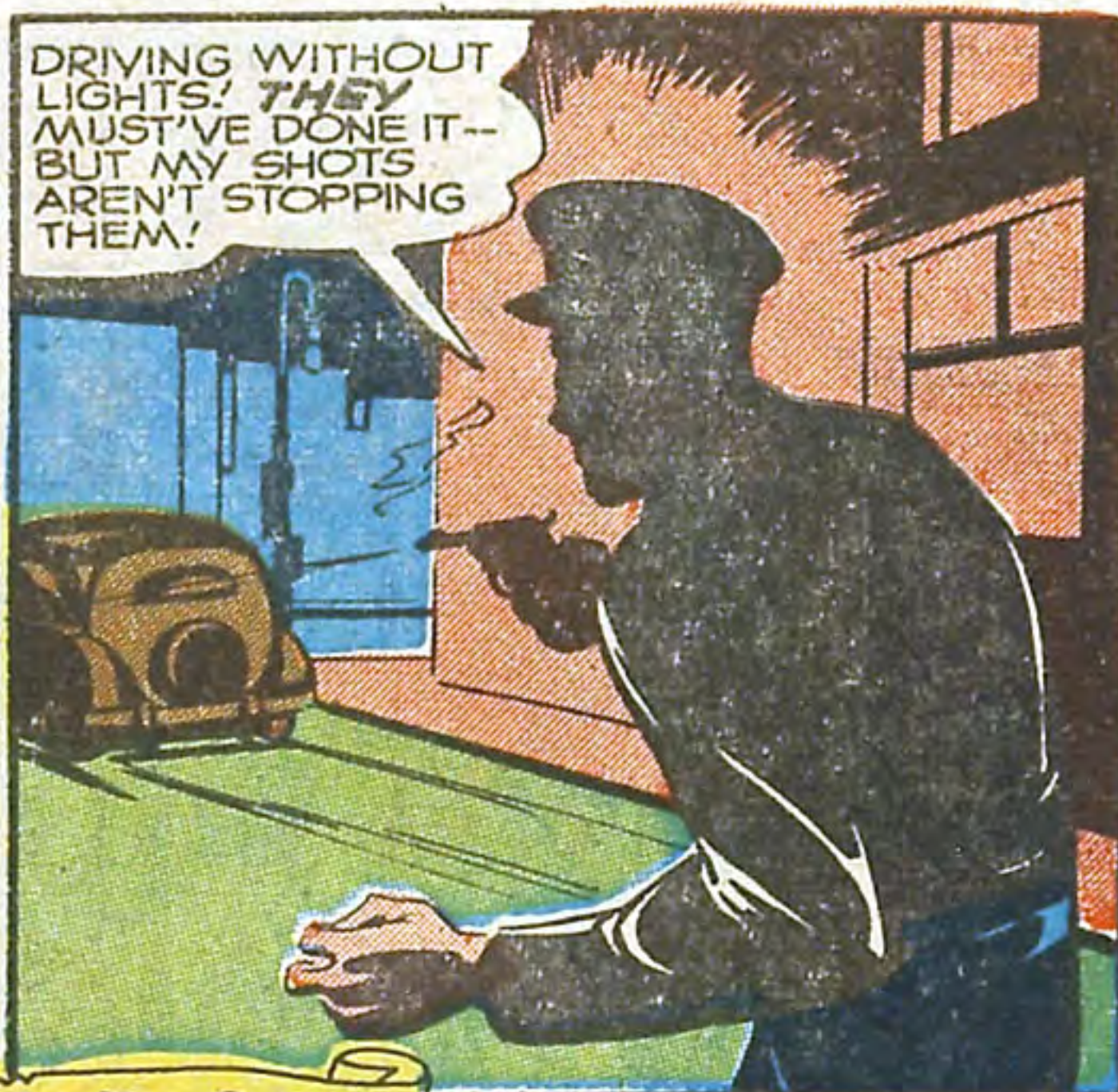
Grafty brains turn a simple preservative into a dangerous device for harvesting a bumper crop from the fields of crime. The police are baffled, banks hire extra guards. --But Ray Cardell, alias Master Key, picks up a simple clue that leads him into a sinister rendezvous where freezing death awaits!

THE JANITOR STARTS FIRING THE FURNACE AT FIVE FIFTEEN, ZIP!

THEN SHE'LL BLOW ANY MINUTE, MAC. I'M GETTING JITTERY!









The wastepaper gag covers Ray's hasty retreat from the bank to his laboratory--

THAT WATER PUDDLE AND THESE FIBERS ADD UP TO A REAL CLUE FOR **MASTER KEY** TO WORK ON!



LOOKIT, MICKEY! THAT'S MASTER KEY!

WHAT WOULD HE BE WANTING AT ZIP'S ICE CREAM JOINT?



A CINCH TO TUMBLE THIS LOCK, BUT MAKING ZIP OPEN UP MAY PROVE TOUGH. HE'S DONE TIME FOR BURGLARY.

OPEN AT NOON SUNDAYS



HEY, YOU! WHAT'S THE IDEA OF BUSTIN' IN HERE?

DOOR WAS OPEN, CHUM. NOW GIVE ME A PINT OF VANILLA IN A FIBER BAG WITH DRY ICE!



THIS DRY ICE COSTS YOU A DIME EXTRA--ER, HEY! I SEEN PICTURES OF YOU!



BUT YOU'RE NOT TIPPING OFF ZIP LINDSAY I'M HERE!

OOW! LET ME GO! I'LL YELL!!



TRY AND SHOUT, NOW, CHUM! THE X-RAY BEAM FROM MY LEFT EYE HAS PARALYZED YOUR VOCAL CORDS!





MAKE YOURSELF SCARCE  
IF YOU DON'T WANT TO  
WIND UP BEHIND BARS!



**Big Mack** hears the scuffle above--

THAT DOESN'T SOUND  
LIKE ZIP OR MAXIE, AN'  
I'D HAVE HEARD ZIP  
COME OUTTA THE  
STORAGE ROOM!



ZIP IS FUSSING  
AROUND WITH  
SOMETHING IN  
THERE THAT  
DOESN'T LOOK LIKE  
ICE CREAM TO ME!



OKAY, SNOOPER!

HERE'S THE  
PAYOFF FOR  
BEIN' NOSEY!

OIL THOSE  
TRAPDOOR  
HINGES. NEXT  
TIME, I HEARD  
YOU COMIN' THRU!



DROP THAT  
CHOPPER OR  
I'LL BURN  
YOUR HAND  
TO A CRISP!

HEY!  
STOP IT!  
DON'T-!



YOU AIN'T LEAVIN'  
HERE ALIVE,  
MASTER KEY!



GUESS AGAIN,  
ZIP!

THE POLICE DIDN'T  
TUMBLE TO THE  
CLUES YOU LEFT  
IN THE VAULT-- SO  
I DROPPED AROUND!

STOP IT!  
YOU'RE BURNING  
MY EYES!









MACK PLANTED A SEALED CONTAINER OF DRY ICE ON THE PIPES. WHEN THE STEAM CAME UP, SUDDEN EXPLOSION OF THE GAS BURST THE VAULT!



AND ICE CREAM CONTAINERS MADE VERY SWEET CONCEALMENT FOR YOUR LOOT, ZIP!



DON'T TURN YOUR HEAD, MASTER KEY! I'VE GOT A GUN ON YOUR BACK!



THAT DIDN'T MISS! DIVE FOR HIS LEGS, ZIP!



OOW! NOW YOU'LL GET IT, SMART GUYS!

BETTER CALL IT QUITS, BIG MACK!



YEAH, I HEARD SHOTS, AND WE SAW MASTER KEY GO IN HERE!



I KNEW ZIP COULDN'T GO STRAIGHT!

WHAT'S THE CHARGE AGAINST THEM, MASTER KEY?



THE NATIONAL CITY TRUST JOB. THE LOOT IS IN THE ICE CREAM CANS.

Three minutes later, when Master Key has disappeared--

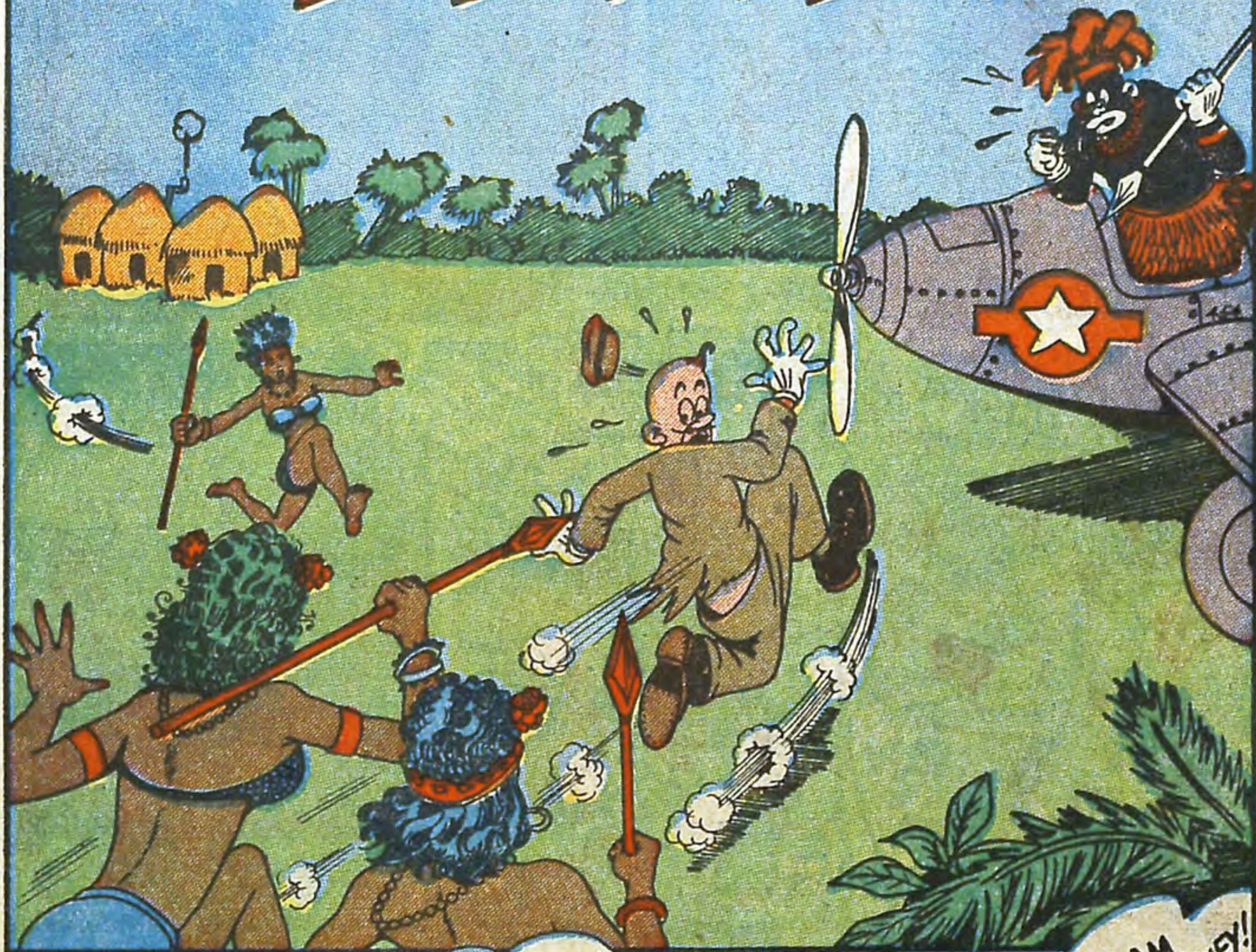
WHAT'S THAT YOU SAID ABOUT MASTER KEY, CASEY?



I SAID HE'S GOT MORE ON THE BALL THAN OUR WHOLE POLICE FORCE, INSPECTOR!



# "HAPPY" LANDING



AT TACTICAL AIR FORCE HEADQUARTERS IN THE SOUTHWEST PACIFIC, A WAC'S GAZE WANDERS FROM HER TYPING--

OOOH! I SUPPOSE THEY'D THROW ME IN THE GUARDHOUSE IF I WHISTLED AT A SUPERIOR OFFICER!



HIYA, BABE!

WHATCHA DOIN' TONIGHT, HUH? I GOTTA PASS FROM THE C.O.!

GO LAY AN EGG ON TOKYO, PRIVATE LANDING! **DON'T BOTHER ME!** --I'M BUSY TYPING RECLASSIFICATIONS!



FIRST TIME I EVER SEEN YOU SWEATING IT OUT, SISTER! THE OLD MAN MUST BE PAYING YOU **TIME AND A HALF!**



SCRAM, GREASEMONKEY! G'WAN AND OIL YOUR SENSE OF HUMOR!









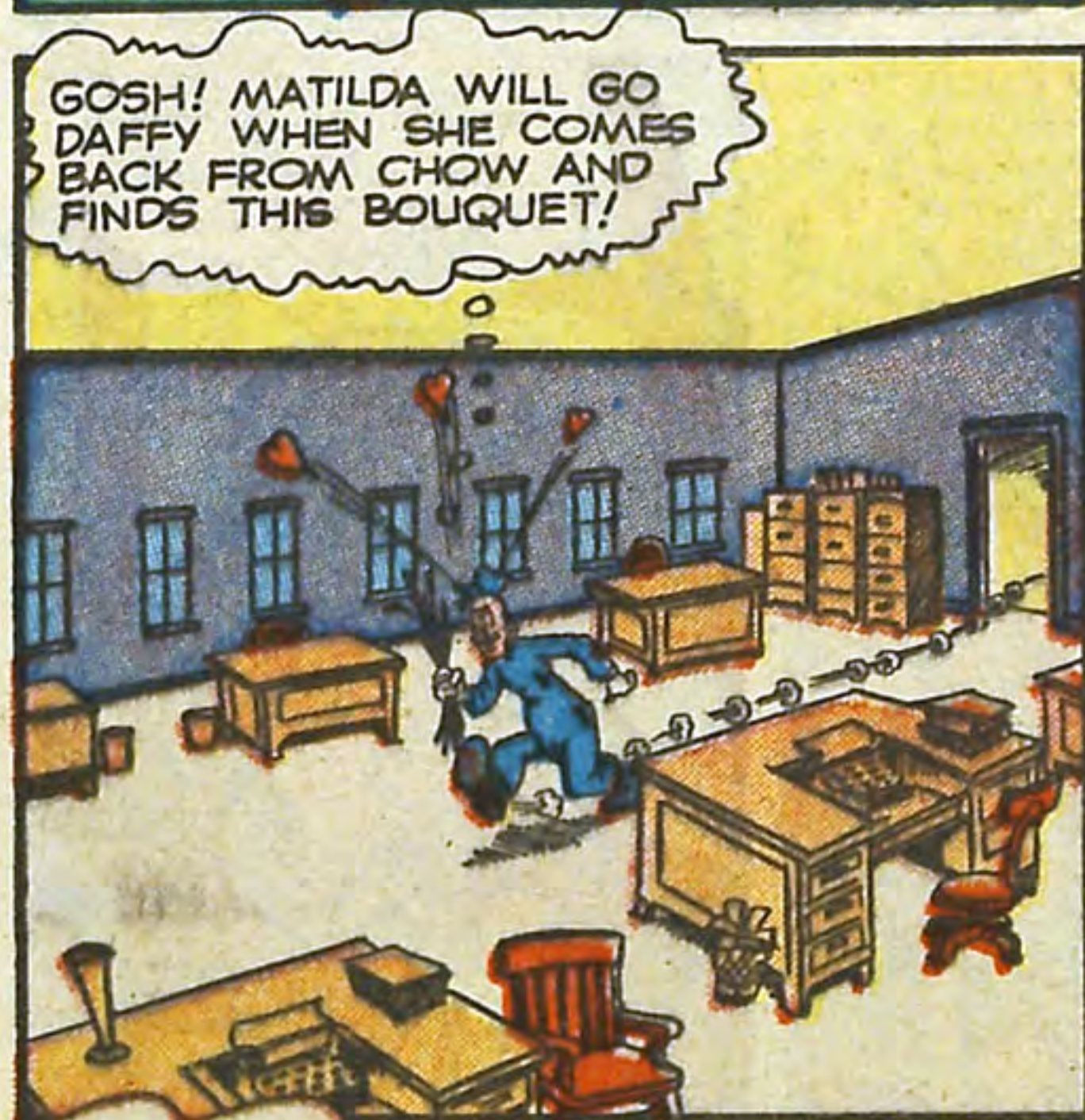
YOU G.I.S THINK YOU'RE FUNNY, HUH?

NAW, WE COULDN'T COMPETE WITH YOU, HAPPY. **WHOSE GRAVE YUH GONNA DECORATE WITH THEM POSEYS?**

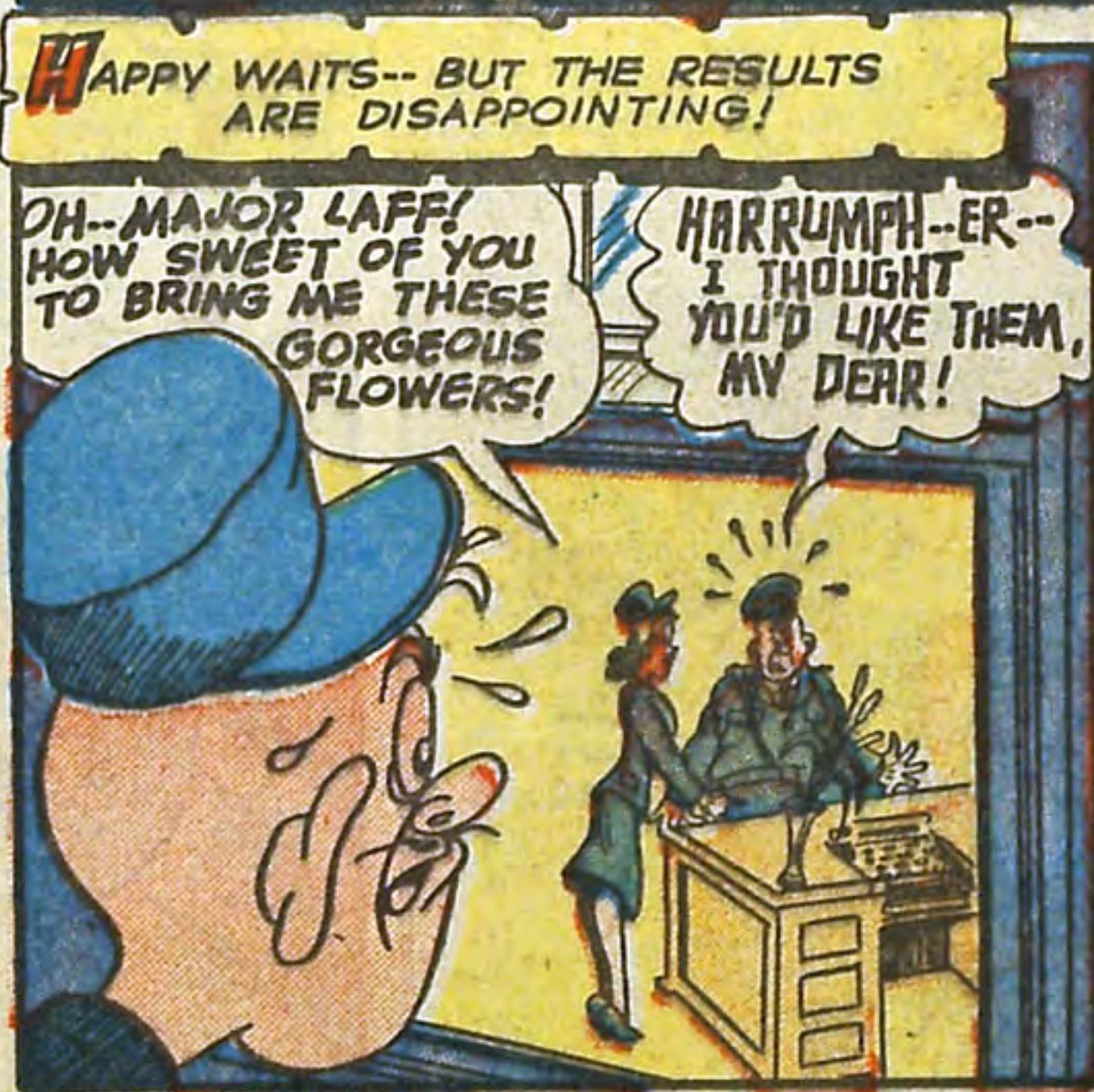


I COULD MAKE YOUSE **EAT** THEM WORDS, JERK. BUT YOU'LL BE **BURNED UP ENOUGH** WHEN YOU HEAR WHERE I'M GOING!

HA-HA  
HO-HO



GOSH! MATILDA WILL GO DAFFY WHEN SHE COMES BACK FROM CHOW AND FINDS THIS BOUQUET!



**H**APPY WAITS-- BUT THE RESULTS ARE DISAPPOINTING!

OH--MAJOR LAFF! HOW SWEET OF YOU TO BRING ME THESE GORGEOUS FLOWERS!

HARRUMPH--ER-- I THOUGHT YOU'D LIKE THEM, MY DEAR!



**HEY!** WHAT'S **WRONG** WITH YOU, KID? DON'T YUH WANNA GO TO THE **REST CAMP?**

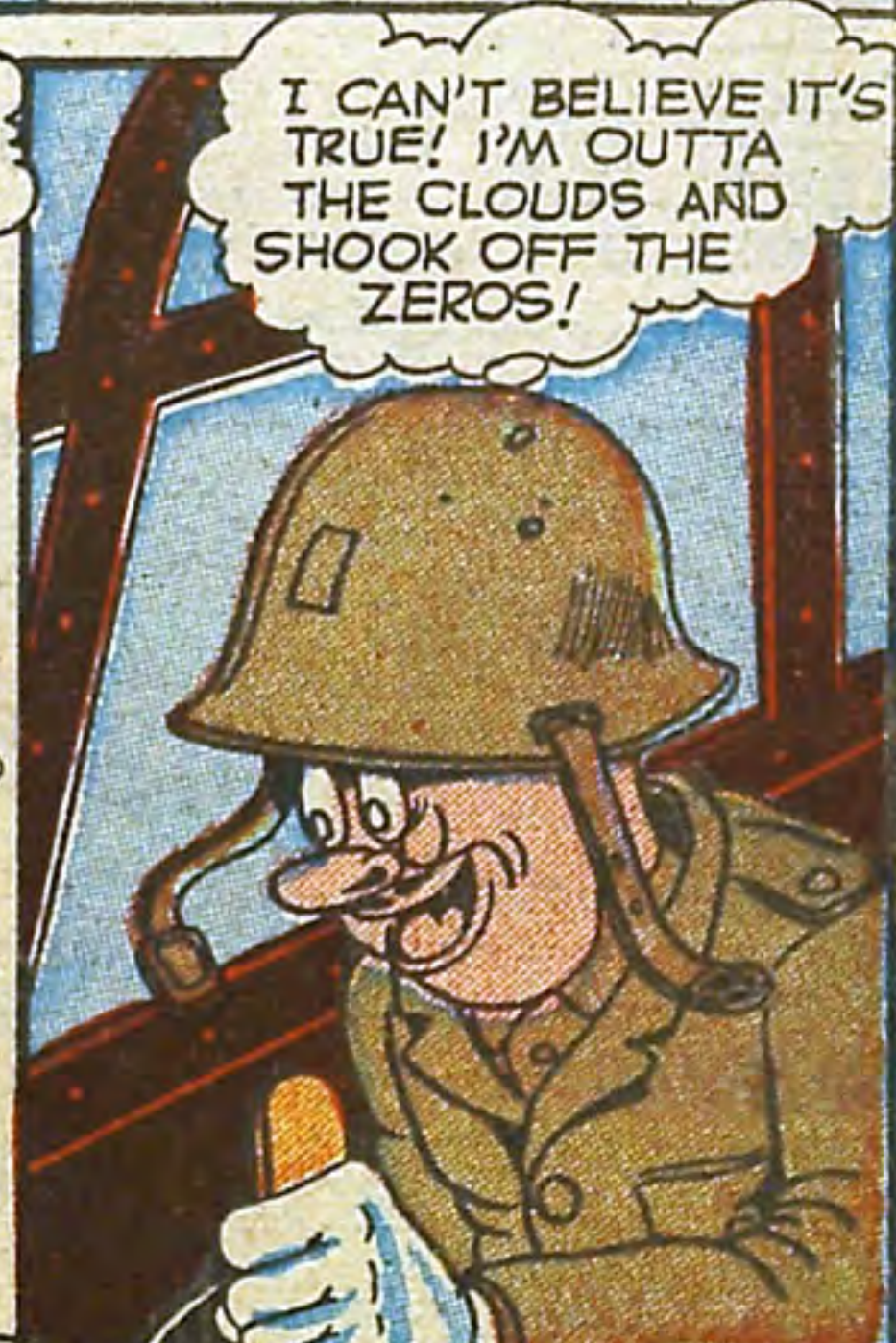
IT MAKES NO DIFFERENCE NOW, SARGE! NOTHING LEFT TO FIGHT FOR!



MAJOR, I CAN'T FIGURE OUT HAPPY LANDING! HE **DIDN'T WANT TO LEAVE!**

I'M NOT THE LEAST BIT SURPRISED, SERGEANT! **HAW--HAW HAW!**









COME BACK HERE, YOU!



THE NEXT DAY--  
LOOK, WAI'WAH!  
A YANKEE  
SOLDIER  
BOY!

WHEW! IT'S  
ABOUT TIME  
I CALLED A  
HALT AND  
GRABBED  
SOME  
SHUT-EYE!



EATS! --  
JEEPERS, YOU  
GALS MUST BE  
MIND  
READERS!

YOU BOY  
MEBBE  
GOT KNIVES  
AND TRINKETS  
FOR US!



NO TRINKETS,  
BABY-- BUT HERE'S  
SOMETHING  
BETTER!

EEE-E!

OH--OH, GUESS  
THEY DON'T GO  
IN FOR NECKING  
IN THIS NECK  
OF THE JUNGLE!

CRAZY SOLDIER TRY  
TO BITE ME!  
**KILL HIM!**



MY LUCK'S CHANGED  
AGAIN! WHAT A BREAK  
TO FIND A PLANE ON  
THIS EMERGENCY  
AIRSTRIPE!

WHITE BOY  
ESCAPE--  
MEBBE HIS  
BIG BOSS  
PAY REWARD  
FOR CAPTURE!



A SHORT WHILE LATER--

HERE Y'ARE, BOSS!  
YOU TRADE KNIFE  
AND TOBACCO FOR  
CRAZY WHITE BOY?

OH--OH! IT'S BACK  
TO DUTY--IN THE  
GUARDHOUSE  
AGAIN! THAT'S  
WHAT I GET  
FOR TRYING  
TO BE A HERO!

SURE  
THING,  
CHIEF!



# CRIME ON THE RUN



EDDIE GREEN'S HEADQUARTERS IN MINNEAPOLIS WAS IN A QUIET APARTMENT HOUSE WHERE HE LIVED UNDER AN ASSUMED NAME---

GOOD MORNING, MR RANDALL. I'VE GOT A FEW LETTERS FOR YOU!

THANKS AH, ONE FROM AUNT MABEL-- BUT I'D BETTER HURRY LATE FOR WORK!



LETTERS FROM DOC BARKER AND AL KARPIS. MAYBE THEY'RE IN A JAM AFTER THAT LAST BANK JOB!



REACHING THE BUSINESS DISTRICT, EDDIE STILL AROUSES NO SUSPICION---











DILLINGER KNOWS BANKS! ANOTHER LIKE THIS AND WE CAN TAKE A VACATION!



HOW D'YUH LIKE THIS GETAWAY ROUTE I DOPED OUT? NOT BAD, EDDIE. NOW FIGURE ONE FROM THE FIRST NATIONAL IN MASON CITY!



WE CAME TO MAKE A WITHDRAWAL, CHUM. DON'T STEP ON THAT ALARM SWITCH!

JOHN DILLINGER! HOMER VAN METER! BABY FACE NELSON!



ABOUT FIFTY GRAND, HUH?

YEAH. WE CAN GO BACK TO MINNEAPOLIS NOW AND TAKE IT EASY!



BUT EDDIE'S NEW NEIGHBORS ARE TOO HOT FOR COMFORT!

I AIN'T STICKIN' AROUND THIS NECK OF THE WOODS, RUTH! WE'RE MOVIN' OVER TO ST. PAUL!

A SAFE BET, EDDIE. THE G-MEN ARE ON DILLINGER'S TRAIL NOW!



THEN DILLINGER WALKS IN!

HUH-HUH! DON'T MOVE OUT ON ACCOUNT OF ME, EDDIE! I'M MOVIN' OVER TO ST. PAUL!

OKAY! WE'LL STAY HERE AND HOMER VAN METER CAN TAKE THE PLACE I RENTED IN ST. PAUL!



ST. PAUL PROVES UNLUCKY FOR DILLINGER--

SOMETHING QUEER ABOUT THAT COUPLE WHO JUST MOVED IN! SHADES ALWAYS DOWN, AND THEY ALWAYS LEAVE BY THE REAR!



THE LANDLADY'S TIP AROUSES SUSPICION AT THE LOCAL OFFICE OF THE F.B.I.

WE CAN'T LEAVE A STONE UNTURNED! KEEP A 24 HOUR WATCH ON THAT FLAT!

OKAY, CHIEF. IF DILLINGER, KARPIS OR NELSON IS HOLED UP THERE, WE'LL TAG 'EM!



NUTS! WE'VE HUNG AROUND ALL NIGHT AND NOTHING HAPPENED!

I'M NOT SURE! PHONE THE POLICE TO SEND OVER A PLAIN-CLOTHES DICK!



JOINED BY THE PLAINCLOTHES MAN, THE G-MAN MAKES A BOLD MOVE.

NOW LET'S SEE WHO THIS MR. AND MRS. HELLMAN ARE!

KEEP TO THE SIDE. THEY MAY SHOOT THROUGH THE DOOR!



ARE YOU MRS. HELLMAN?

WHO WANTS TO KNOW? WHO ARE YOU GUYS?



NO, WAIT! WE DON'T WANT TO FUMBLE THIS! I'LL PHONE THE OFFICE FOR SOME MEN TO GUARD THE EXITS!

I DON'T LIKE THAT MOLL'S LOOK!



JUST A MINUTE, MISTER! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

WHO-ME? I'M A SOAP SALESMAN!

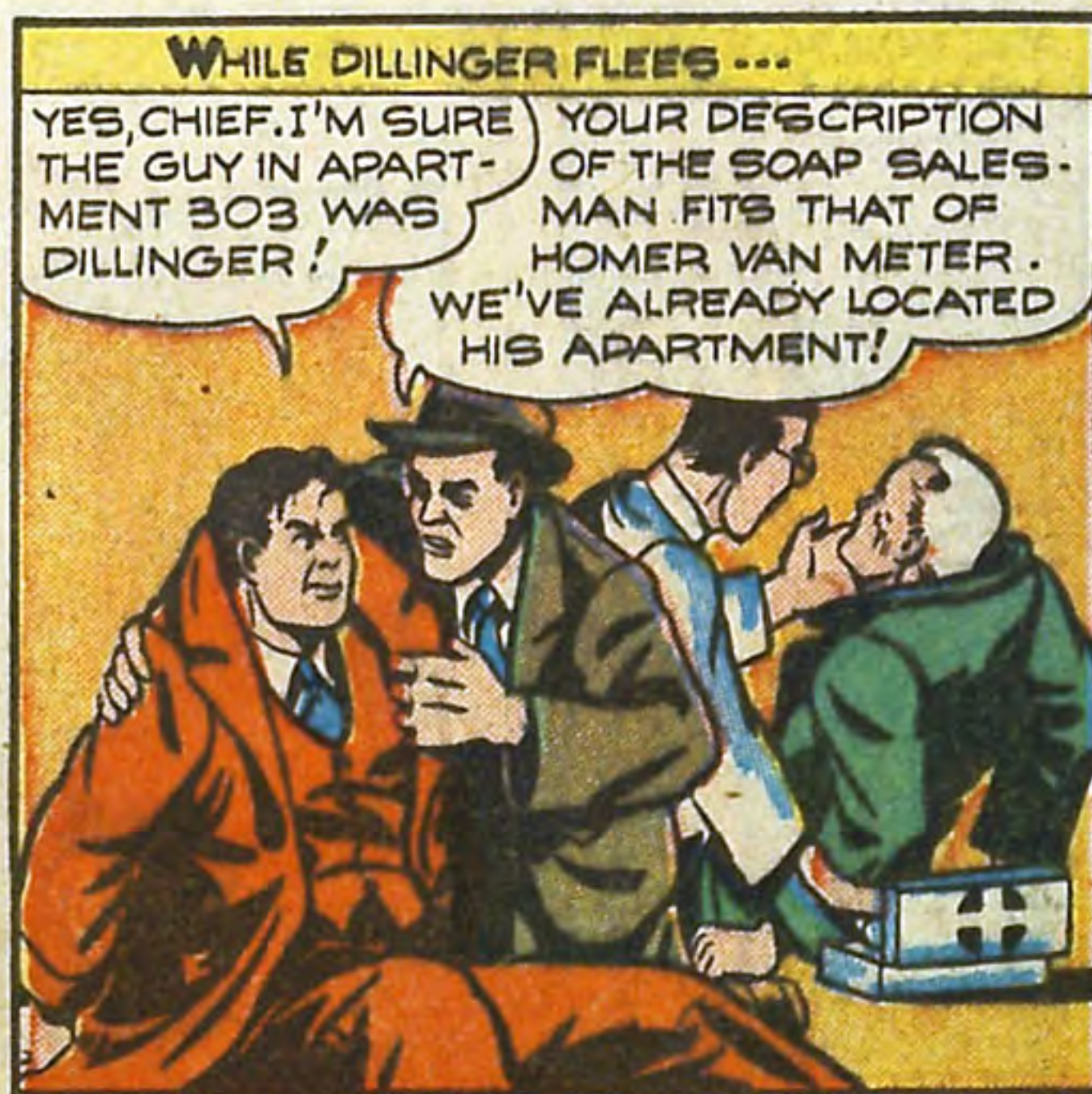


LET'S SEE YOUR SAMPLES, FELLA!

NUTS TO YOU, COPPER. DON'T FOLLOW ME IF YOU KNOW WHAT'S GOOD FOR YOU!











ALL FACTS AND NAMES OF PERSONS AND PLACES IN THIS STORY ARE TRUE,  
The Editors

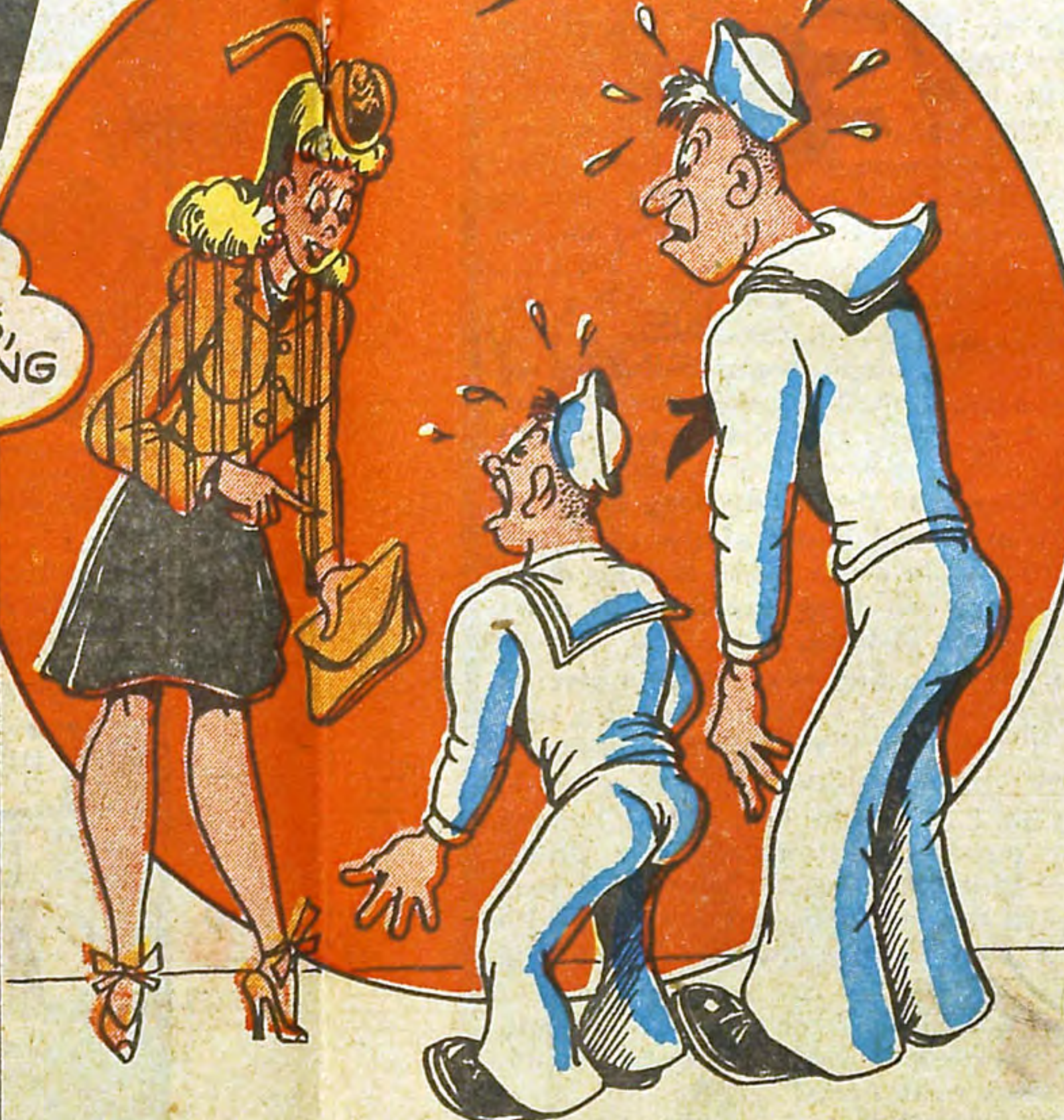


# Laughing AT LIFE

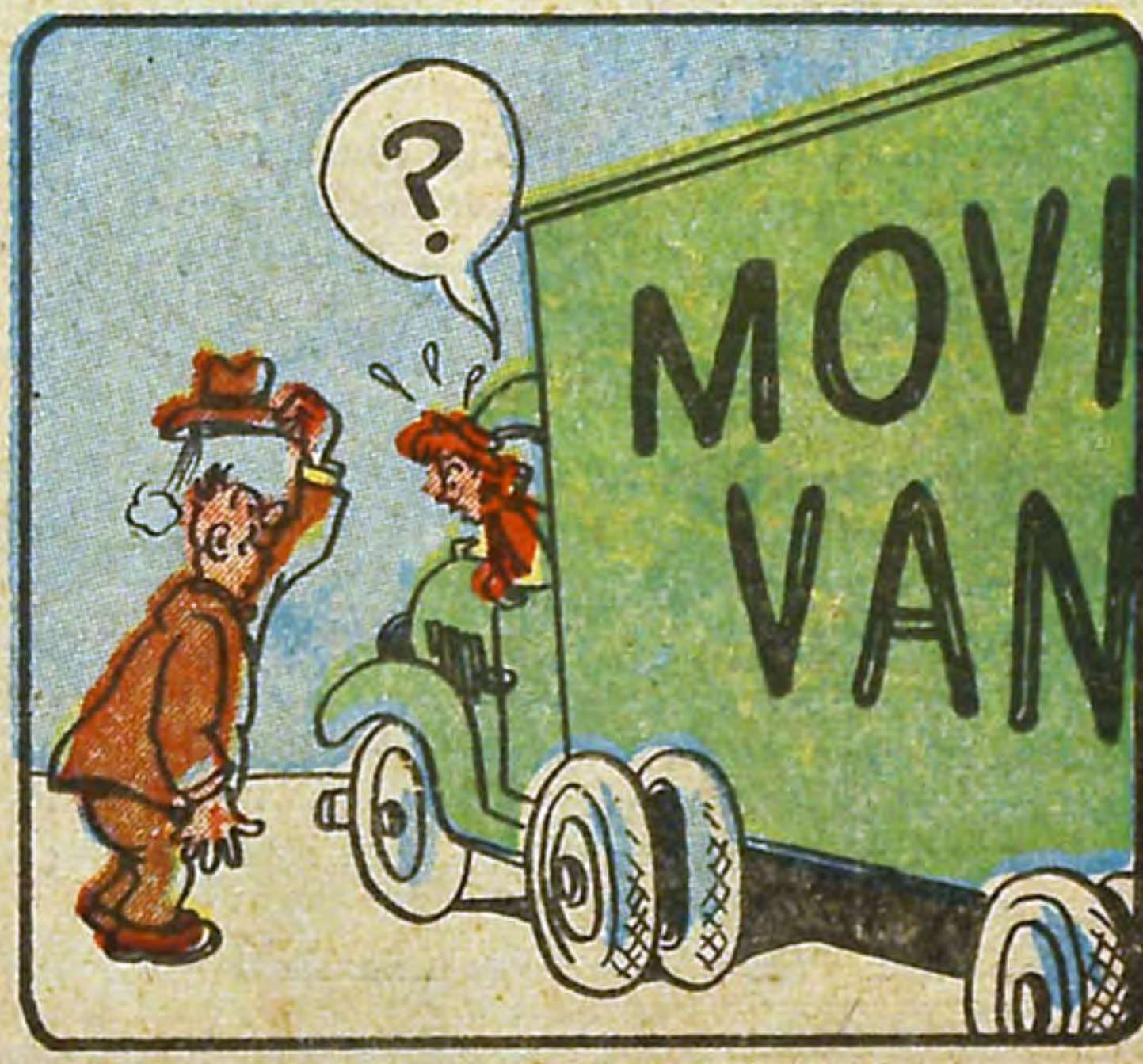
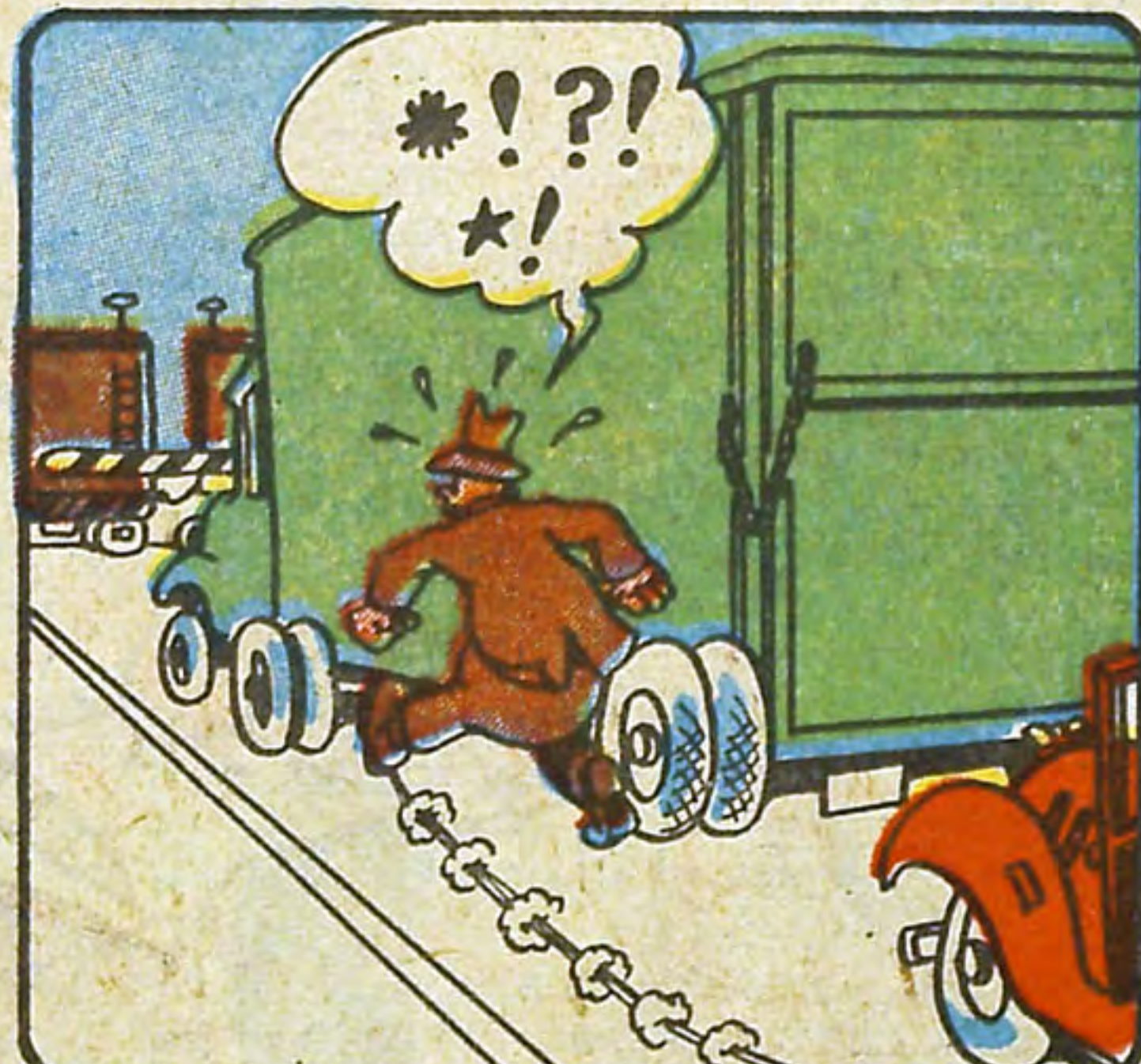
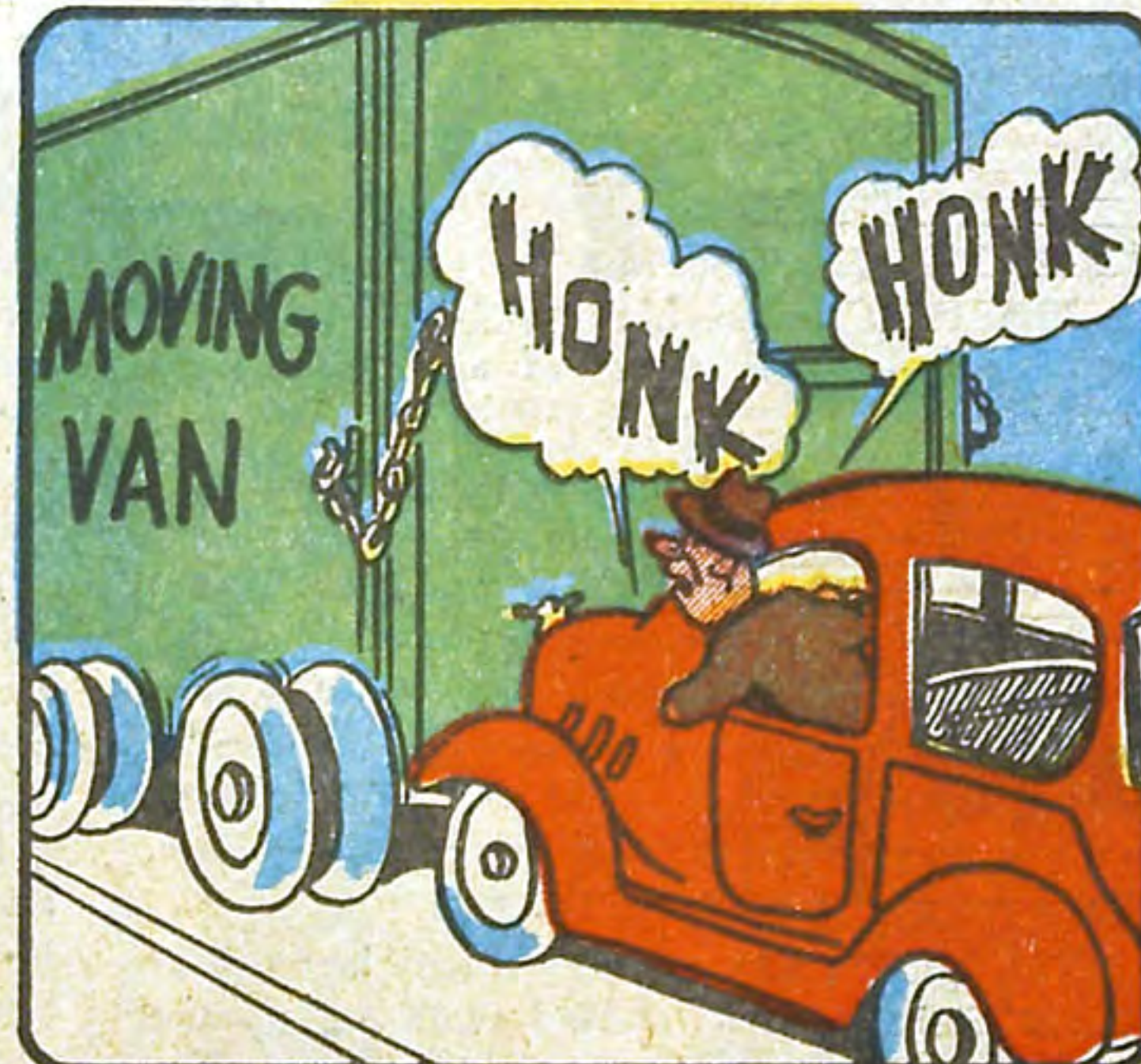
LET'S NOT JUMP  
AT CONCLUSIONS,  
LADY-- WITH HOUSING  
CONDITIONS AS  
THEY ARE!



--AND I SUPPOSE  
YOU'RE A  
GOBLET?



BUT EASTER ONLY  
COMES *ONCE* A  
YEAR, DEARIE!





# THREE KNIGHTS IN A DAZE

By BILL HARR

The Pipp Boys—Manny, Moe and Jack, were painting the dome of an astronomical observatory.

At this particular moment, a group of intelligent but tidy scientists were gathered in the observatory, while outside, a giant rocket was poised for a trip to the moon.

The savants were attempting to make last-minute calculations, but the Pipp Boys, who knew no different, painted the polished lens of the powerful telescope an opaque yellow. That made the scientists see red.

The learned men whisked themselves out of the observatory and started climbing up the outside of the building toward the dome. The Pipp Boys could see that the old fellows were not coming up merely for a bit of a chitchat. And so they slid down the telescope and piled up inside on the observatory floor.

The august scientists, puffing like it was the middle of July, took up the chase. Whereupon the Pipp Boys disappeared through the first door they found. The scientists stopped aghast!

"They entered the rocket ship," squealed Professor Bazook, "and it's set to go off in a second!" A terrific explosion punctuated the end of his sentence as the rocket ship zoomed into the stratosphere.

When the Pipp Boys un-knotted their limbs in the tail of the sky skimmer, Jack said: "Look, brothers. This is an emergency, and right here is a sign which says: PULL CORD IN EMERGENCY."

All being agreeable at this stage of the game, the cord was pulled. The result of the action was that the front of the ship gracefully nosed down, pointed south and headed for parts unknown.

Some time later, the Pipp Boys found themselves emulating ostriches in hot sand. Manny pulled his top piece out of the stuff and then yanked his brothers airward.

"This must be the Great American Desert," said Moe, whereupon the other two joined him in the chorus—J-E-L-L-O.

"You're all wrong," chimed in a strange voice with a spine-chilling rasp. "It's the Arabian Desert."

The Pipp Boys corkscrewed their necks in unison to ogle the new speaker. When they saw several bearded geezers draped in Arab's outfits and sitting astride camels, they thought they were on a movie set.

Said Moe: "Say—how do we get back to

Hollywood—and how about loaning us a few camels?"

"We are not movie extras," clipped the bearded Arab. "We are Arabians—the McCoy. Now get moving. We take you to our chief."

Arriving at the tent of Chief Ali Bon Ami, the Pipp Boys were suspected of being spies. Chief Ali pointed a wicked looking sabre at the boys and smiled: "I'll let you in on this in the morning!"

Manny, Moe and Jack were placed in a tent and three Arab guards stood watch outside. But when the guards began dozing at the proper moment, the brothers burrowed under the tent, mercifully conked their captors and donned their long flowing robes, which should have been sent to the laundry long ago.

They hot-footed it out of the camp and started across the desert. When morning came, their energy went. They were dog-tired, starving and dying of thirst.

But just when they were ready to give up the ship, Moe spied a British flag flying over a desert stronghold. "Yahoo!" he cried in true Yankee fashion. "We're saved!"

But alas! When the boys started running wildly toward the stronghold, the British spotted their flowing robes, figured they were renegades come to attack, and opened up with Tommy guns. The brothers dived headlong behind a sand dune.

Jack suddenly took on an air of disgust. "You dopes—let's get these bedsheets off. They think we're Arabs!"

As British soldiers approached them cautiously, Manny yelled: "We're Yanks. You know, way down upon the Swanee River—I wish I wuz in de land ob cotton?" Whereupon the Pipp Brothers were taken before Captain W'imble.

"Why, you're the three blokes who took off in that rocket ship!" the captain cackled. "We've got to send you back to America at once!"

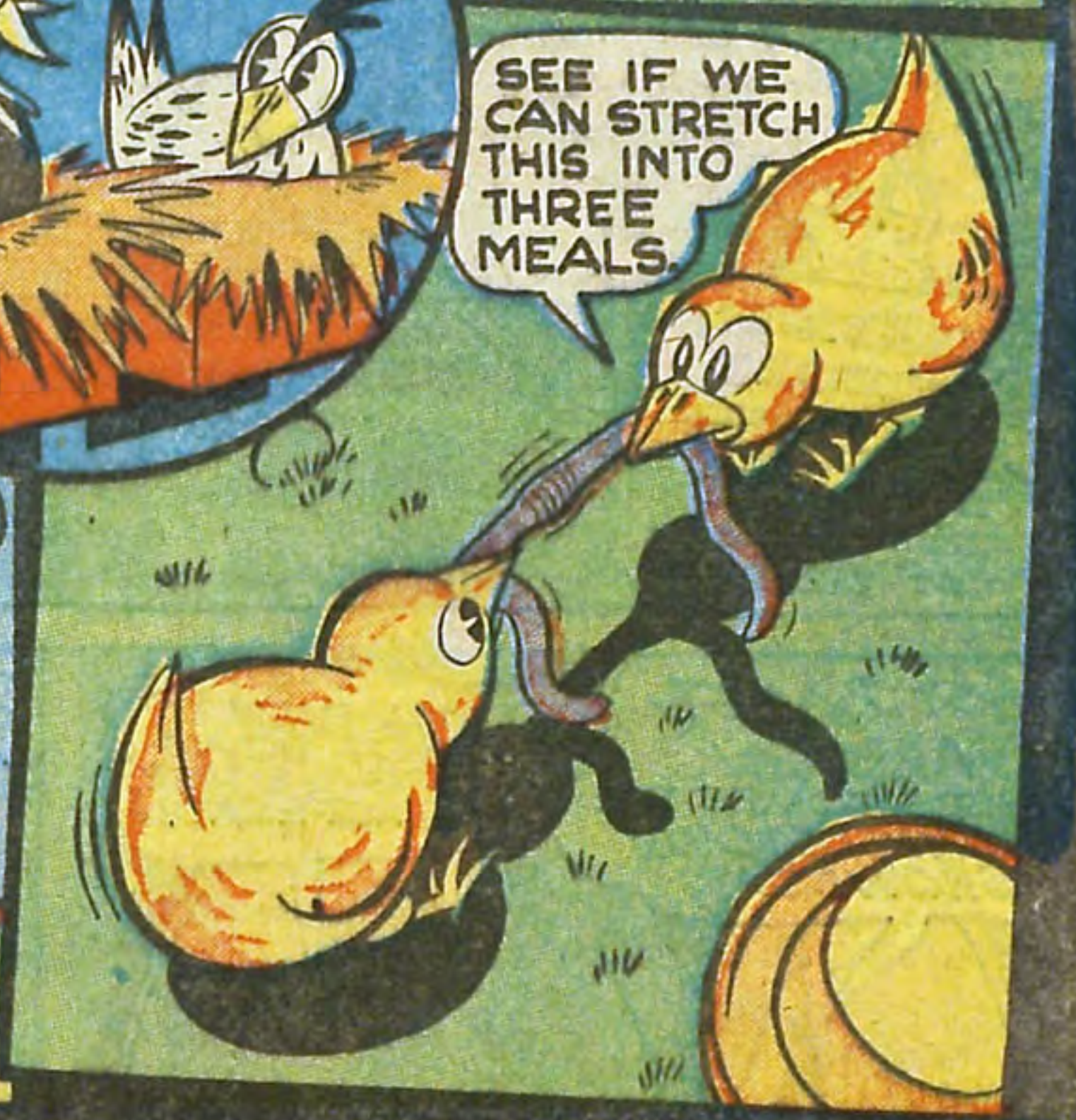
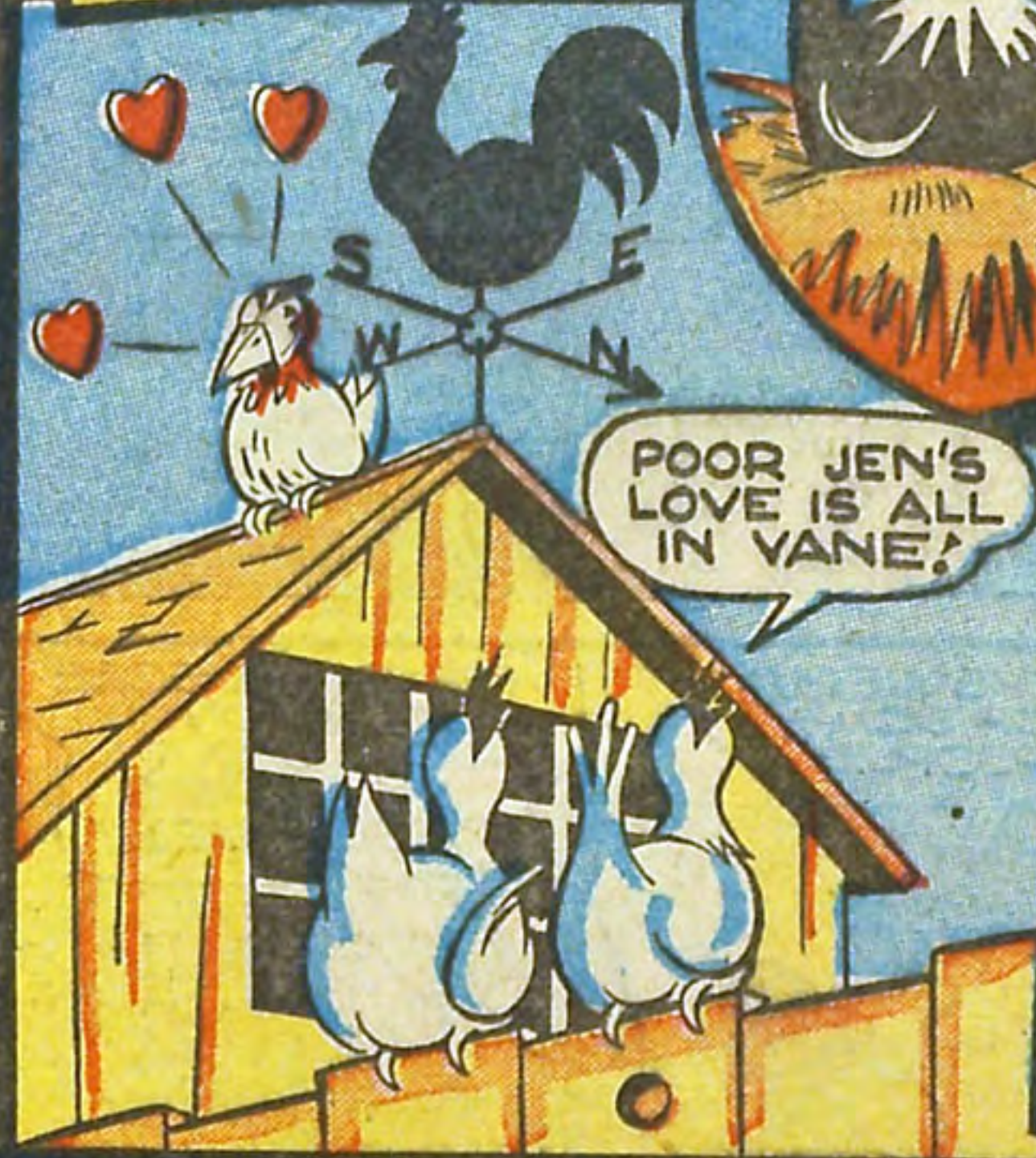
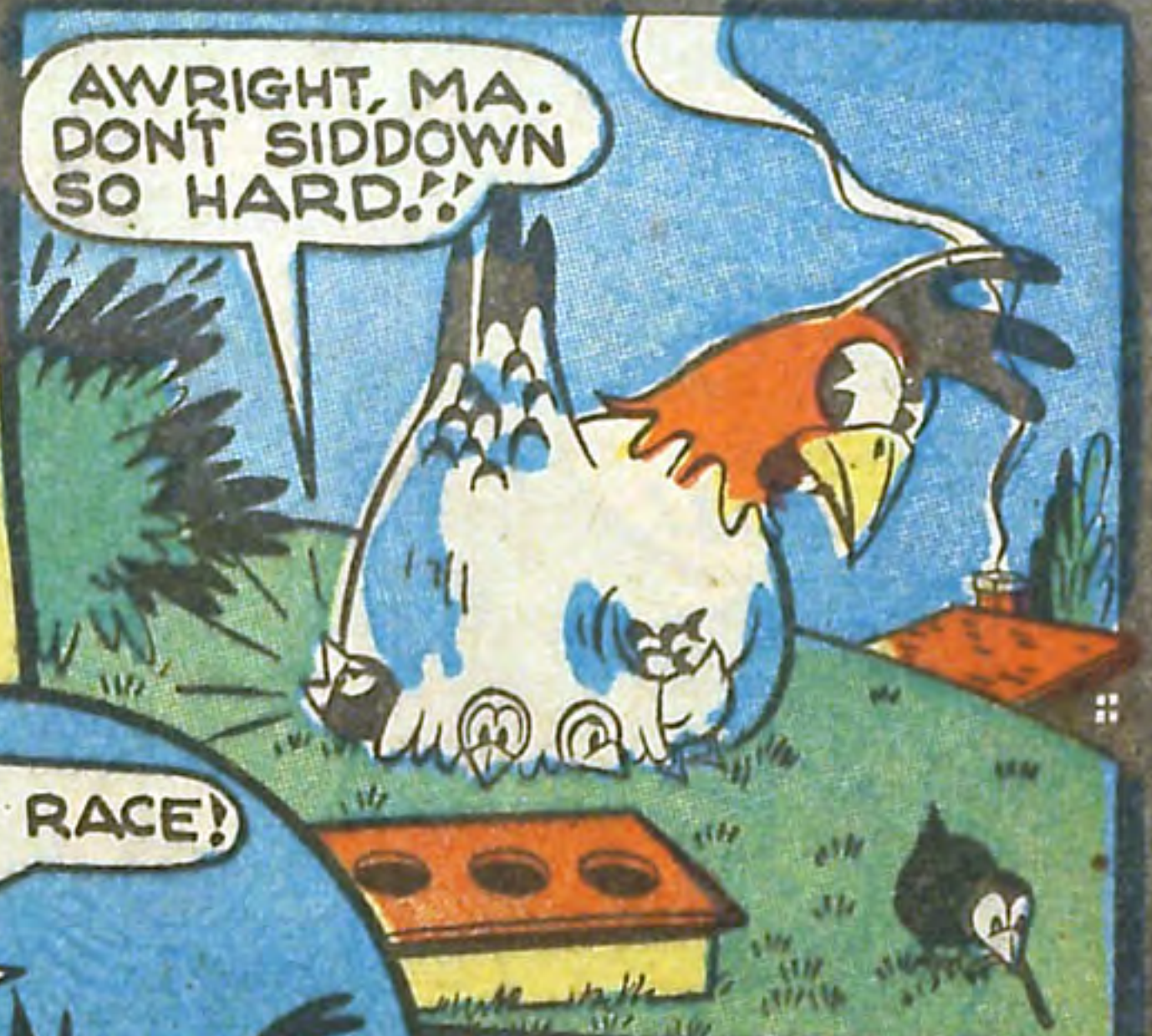
"Not that," pleaded Moe. "They'll clap us into the nearest jail!"

"Jail?" queried the Cap. Then, putting an arm about each one of the Pipp Boys (this captain had three arms), he said: "Why, the world is waiting to acclaim you boys. Just think of it—the Pipp Boys, first passengers ever to ride in a rocket ship. You're heroes!"

Manny took Moe and Jack aside and whispered: "Does that pay off?"

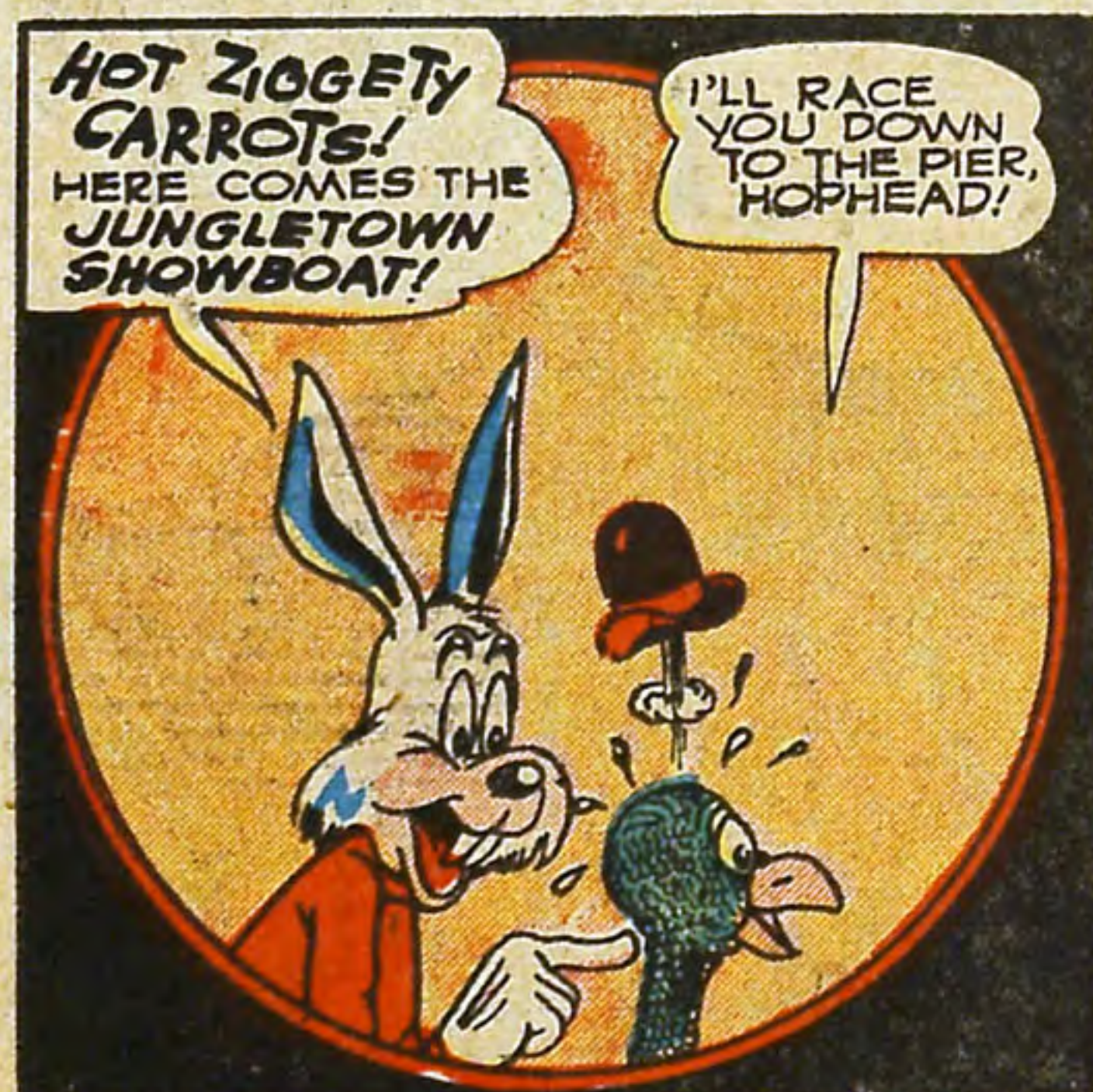
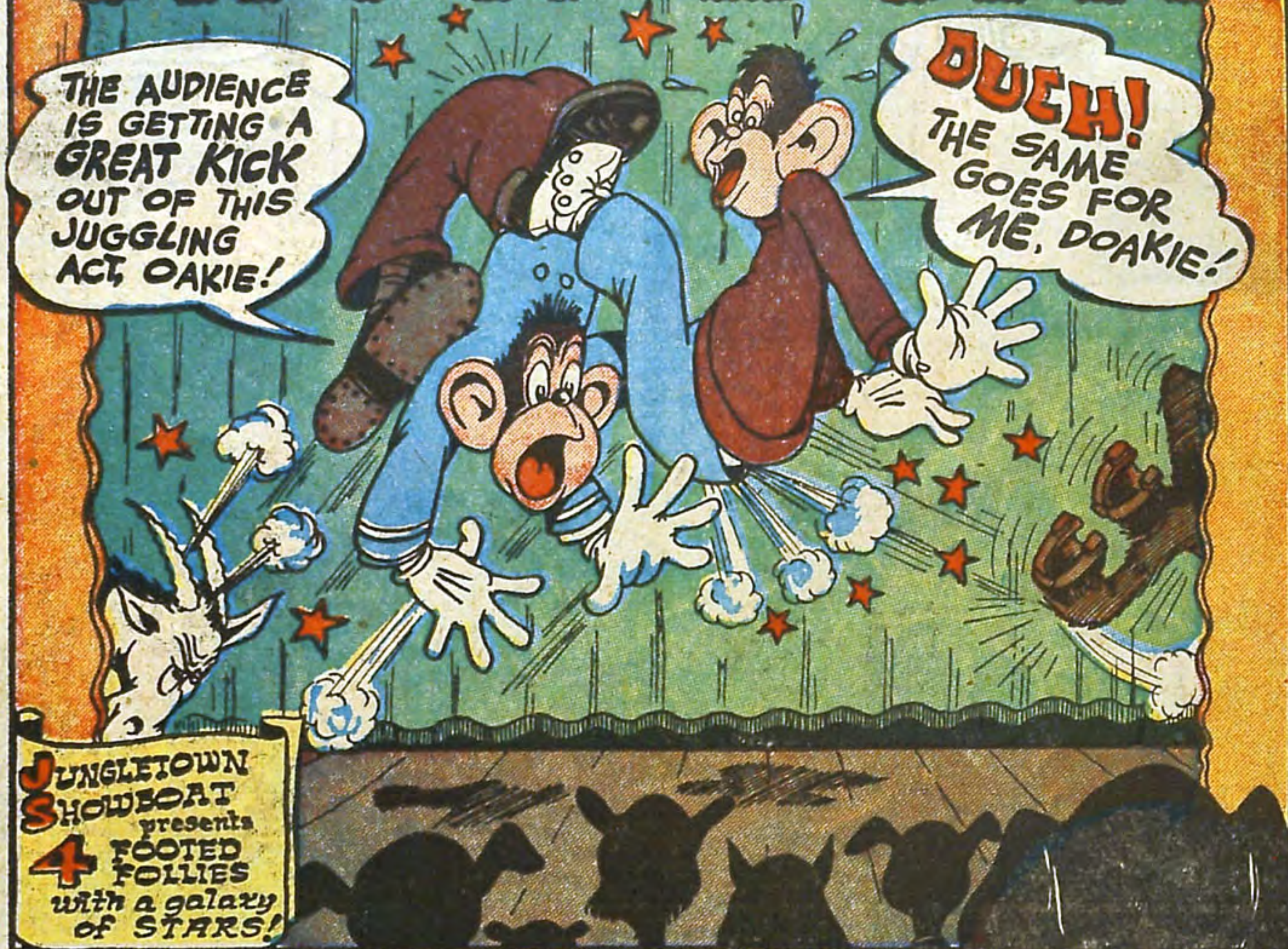


# WHIZ CRACKERS

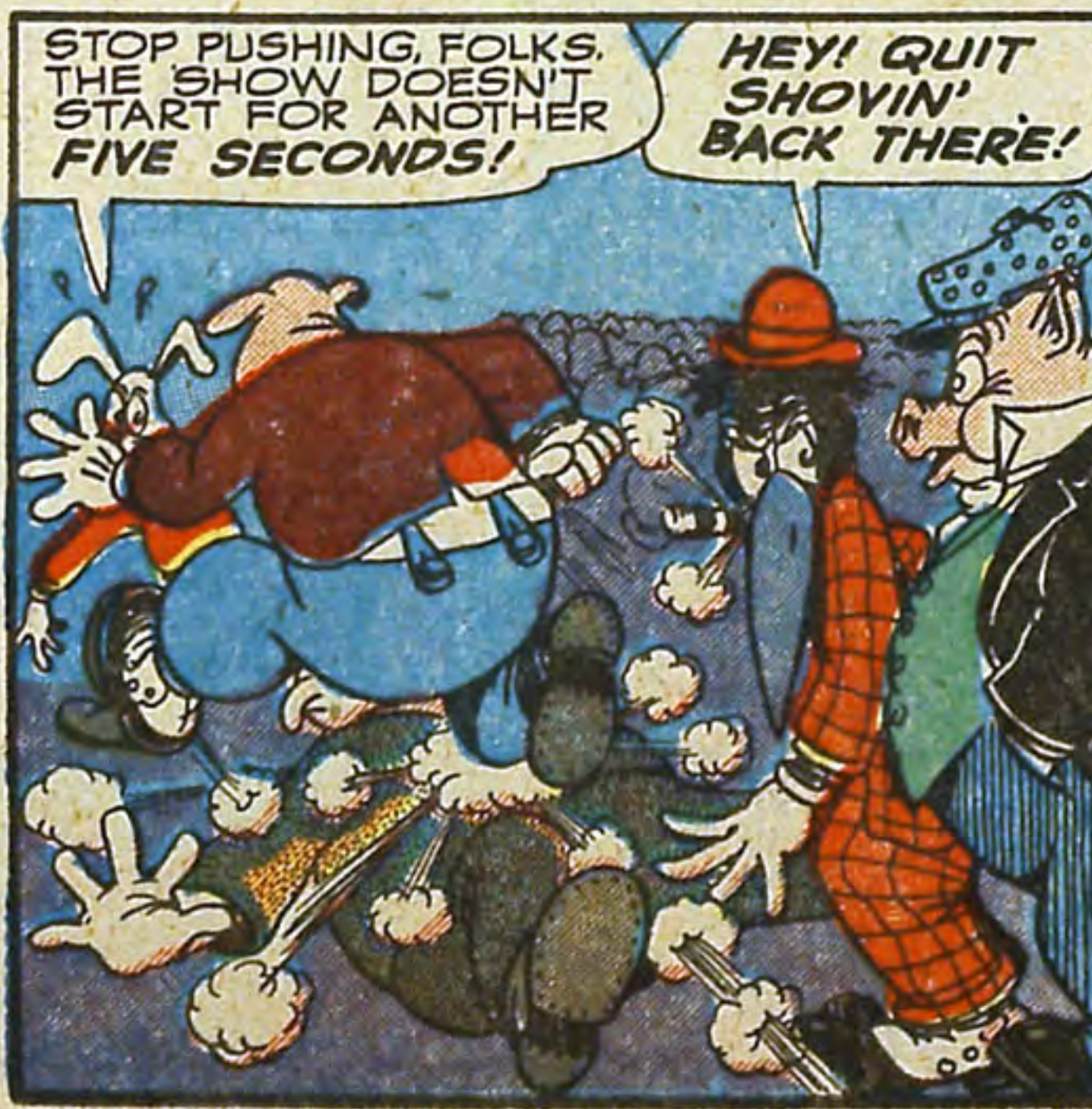
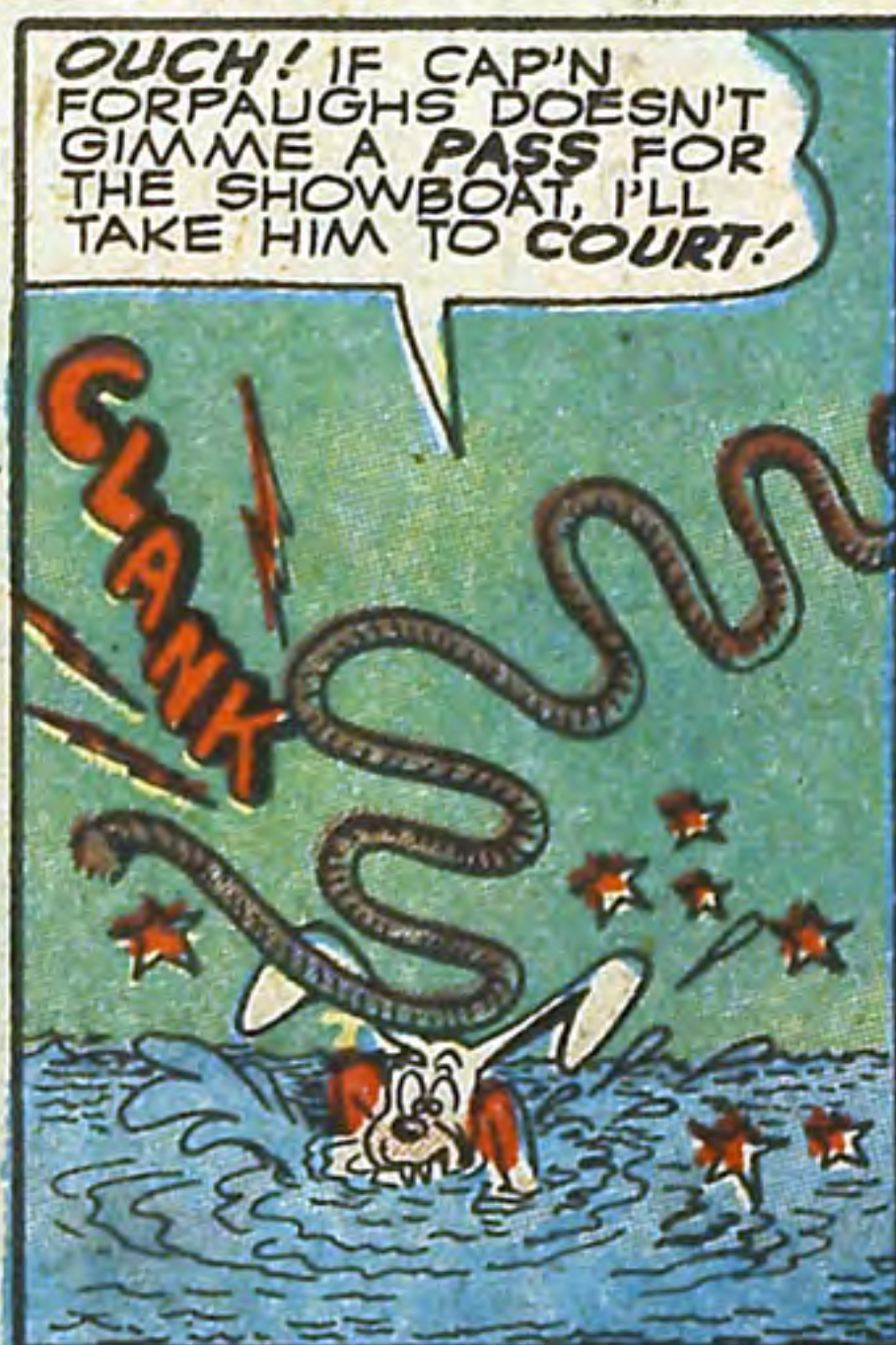
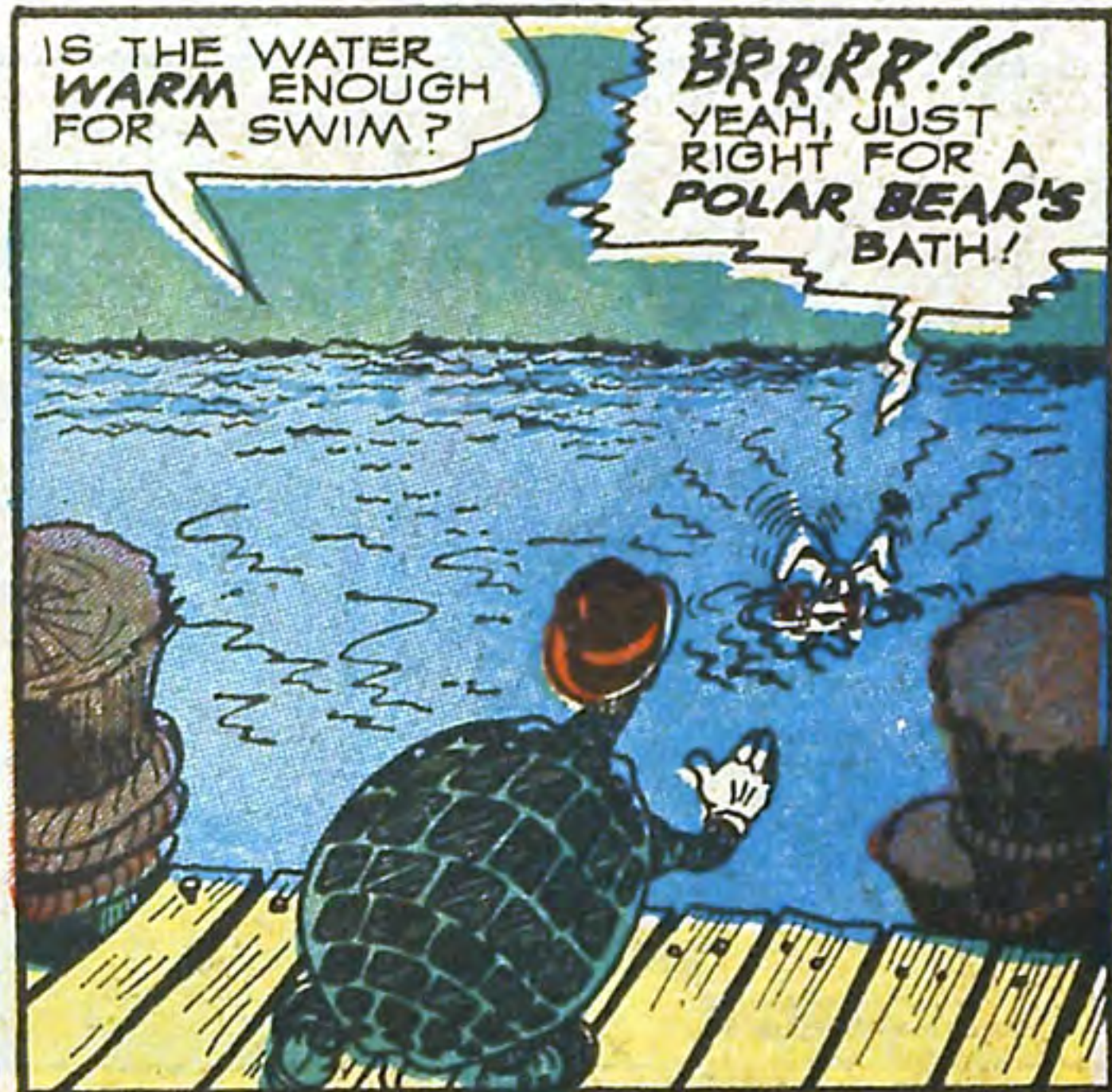




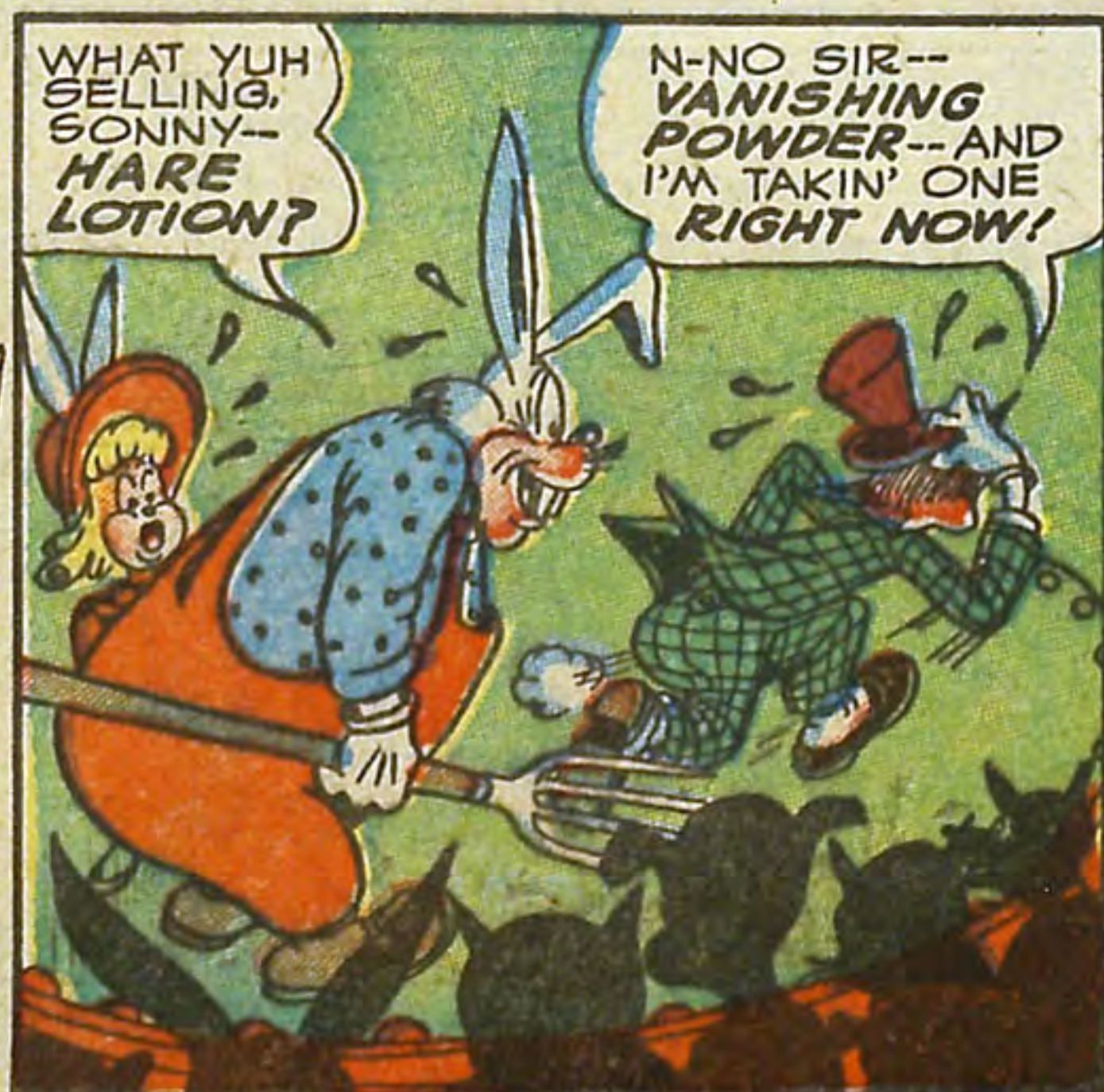
# JUNGLETOWN SHOW BOAT



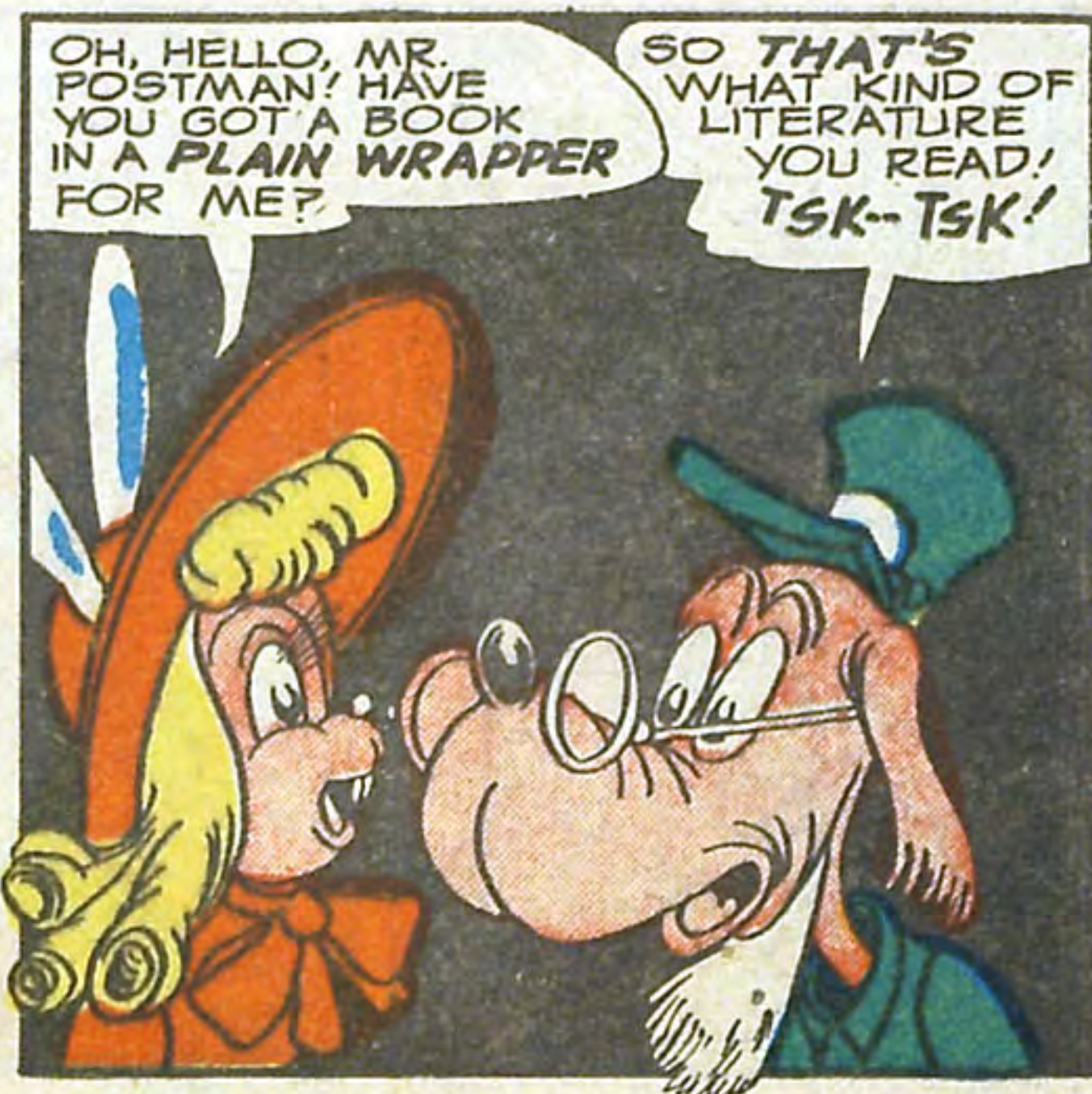
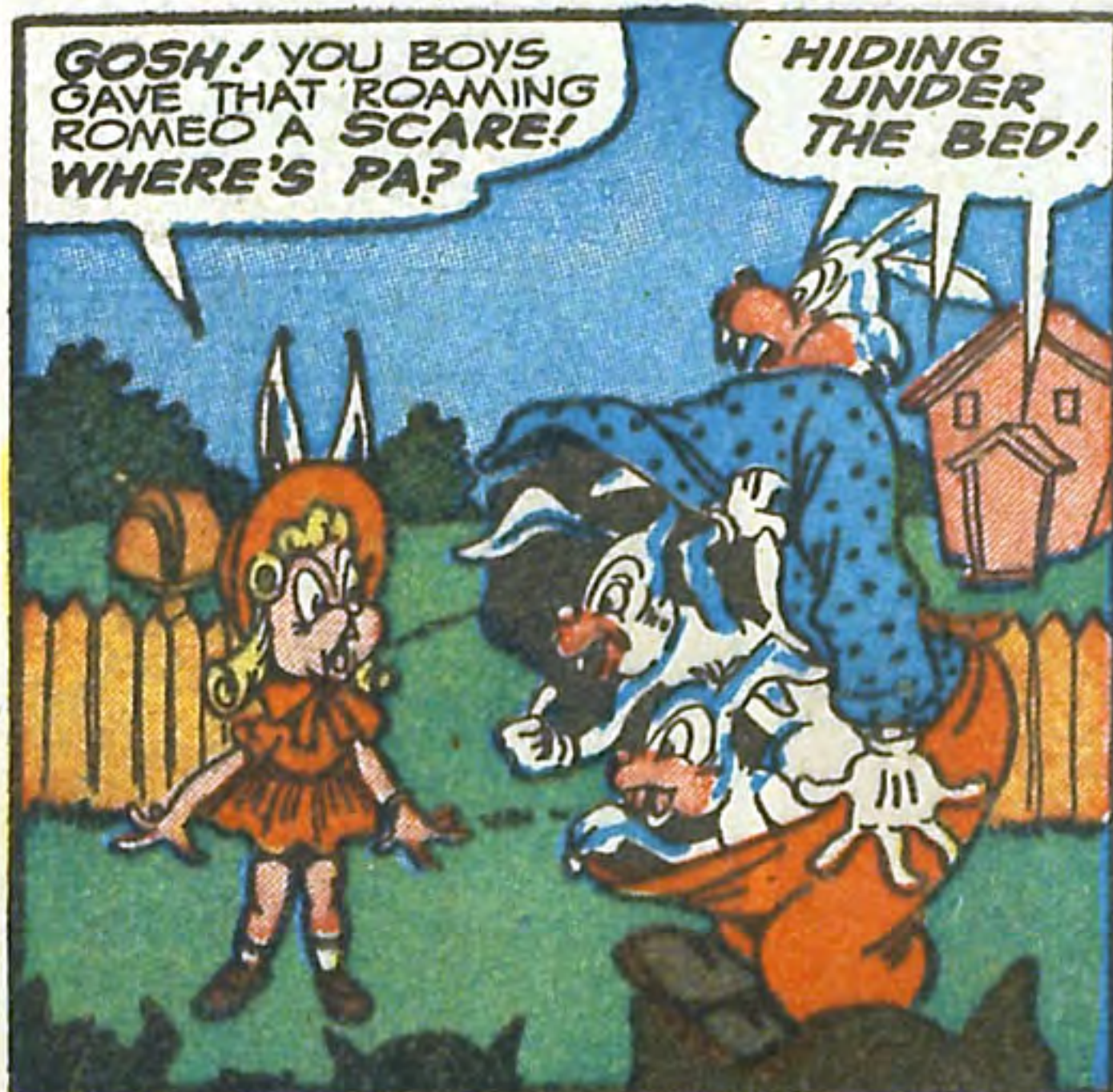














HEY, BOYS!  
KILL THE  
ACT! THE  
SHOWBOAT  
GOT LOOSE  
AND IS DRIFTING  
OUT TO SEA!



HOLY MACKEREL!  
I CAN'T SWIM  
A STROKE!

DOPE!  
IDIOT!  
WHAT  
D'YUH  
HAFTA  
HAM UP  
OUR ACT FOR?



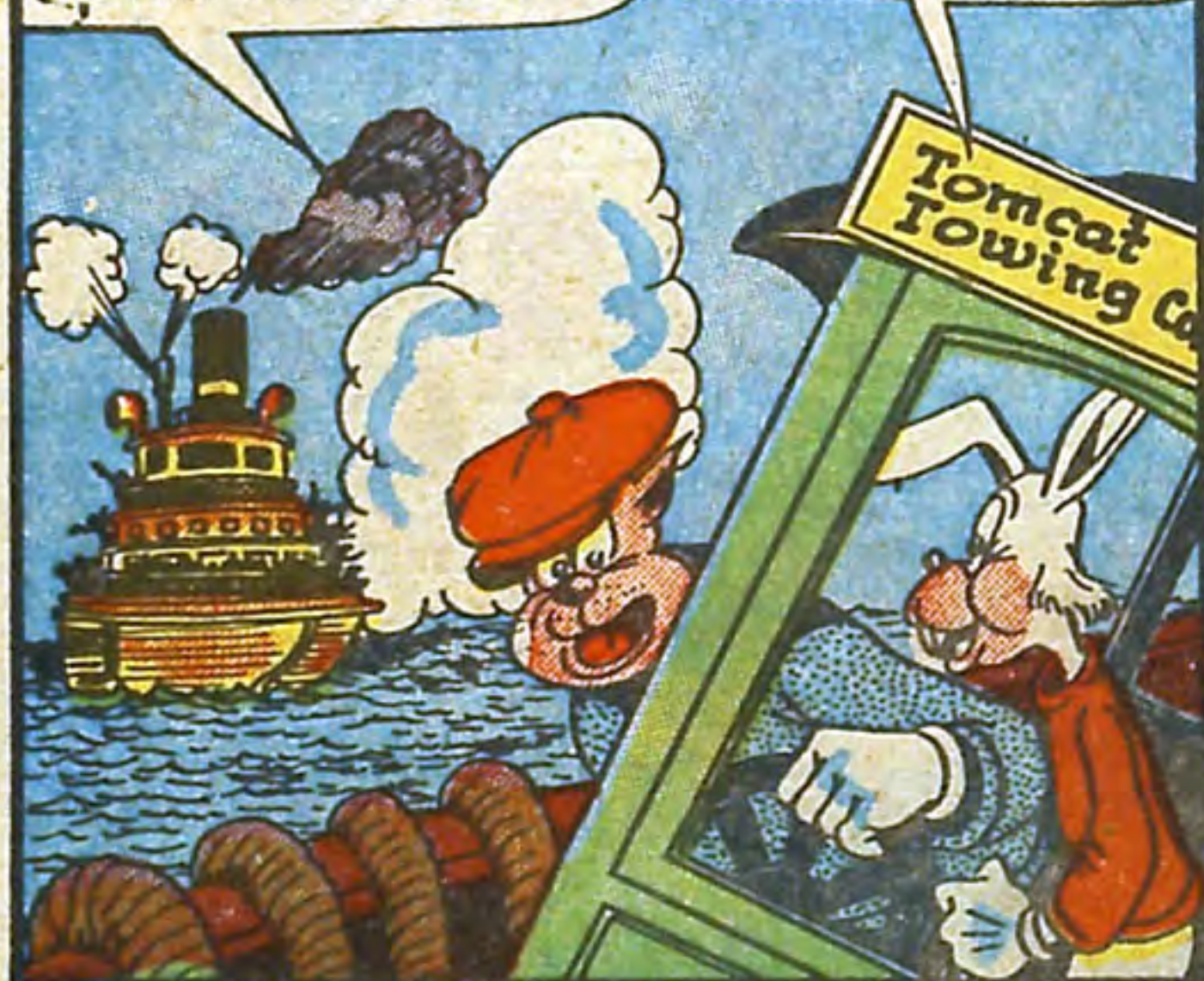
THE  
SHOWBOAT  
IS DRIFTING  
OUT TO SEA!  
WE'LL ALL  
DROWN!

QUIET, EVERYBODY!  
DON'T LEAVE YOUR  
SEATS! A TUGBOAT  
WILL TAKE US BACK  
TO THE PIER AND THE  
SHOW WILL CONTINUE!



THERE'S CAP'N  
FORPAUGHS  
HAILING US TO  
COME ALONGSIDE!

MAKE HIM PAY  
THROUGH THE  
NOSE, TOMMY!



THROW DOWN  
THE MONEY,  
CAP'N FORPAUGHS!  
WE WANT CASH  
IN ADVANCE!

OKAY, HOPHEAD!  
BUT I'LL  
REMEMBER  
THIS!



FIFTY-FIFTY, EH,  
TOMMY? HERE'S  
YOUR HALF! I'M  
JUMPIN' AS SOON  
AS WE REACH  
THE PIER!



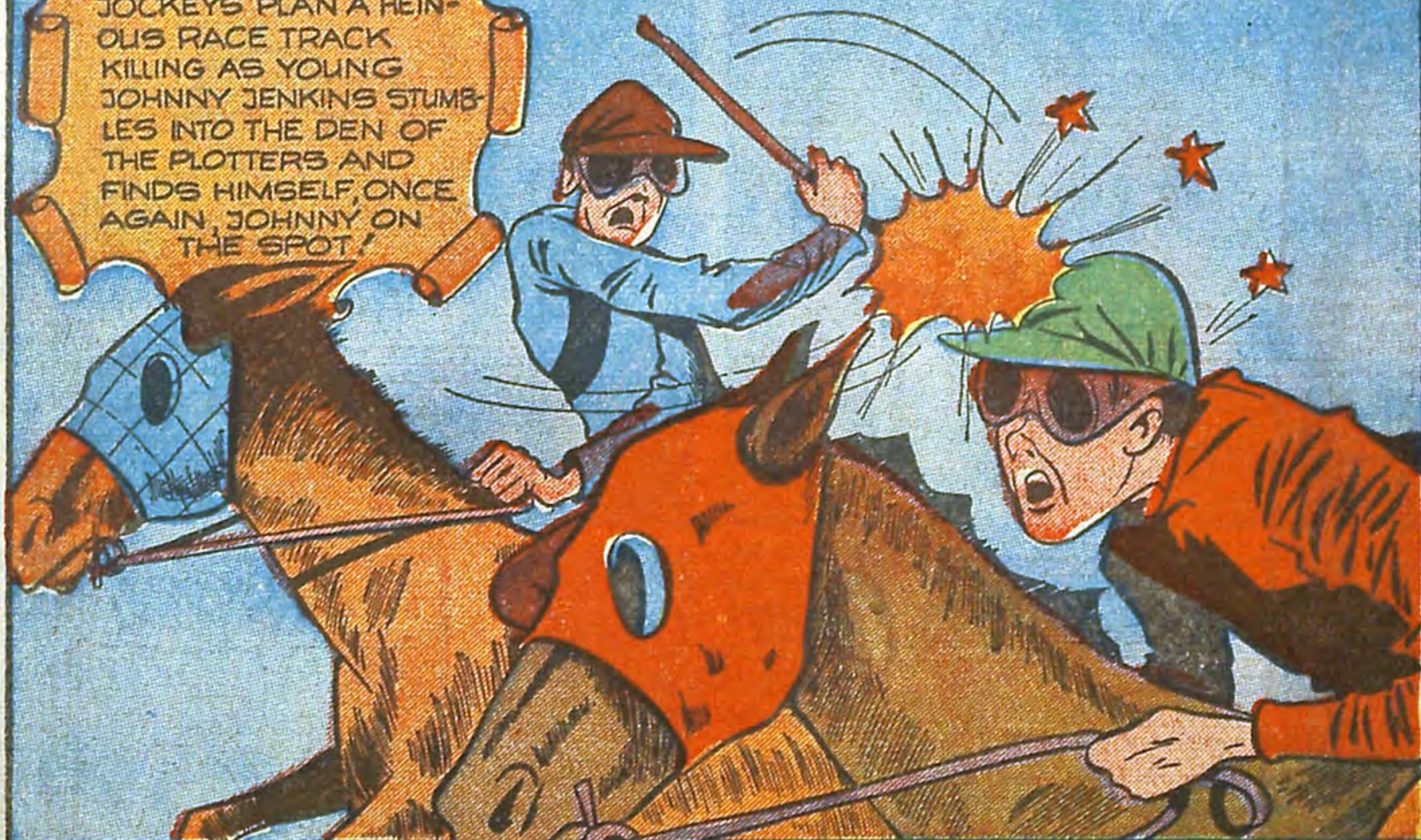
YOU CAN'T GET  
AWAY WITH THIS,  
FORPAUGHS!

OH, YEAH? NEXT  
TIME HOPHEAD  
CUTS OUR MOORING  
ROPE, HE'LL GET  
SOMETHING WORSE  
THAN **STAGE MONEY!**





GOLD BLOODED GAMBLERS AND CROOKED JOCKEYS PLAN A HEINOUS RACE TRACK KILLING AS YOUNG JOHNNY JENKINS STUMBLES INTO THE DEN OF THE PLOTTERS AND FINDS HIMSELF, ONCE AGAIN, JOHNNY ON THE SPOT!



# JOHNNY ON THE SPOT

SLIP IN, BIRCHIE! YOUR SPORTY SIDEKICK IS TAKING YOU TO THE RACES!

OH, JOHNNY, WON'T THAT BE TOO EXPENSIVE?



NOT AT ALL, CUTIE, WE'LL SEE THE MORNING WORKOUTS---



WHICH COST NOTHING AT ALL!

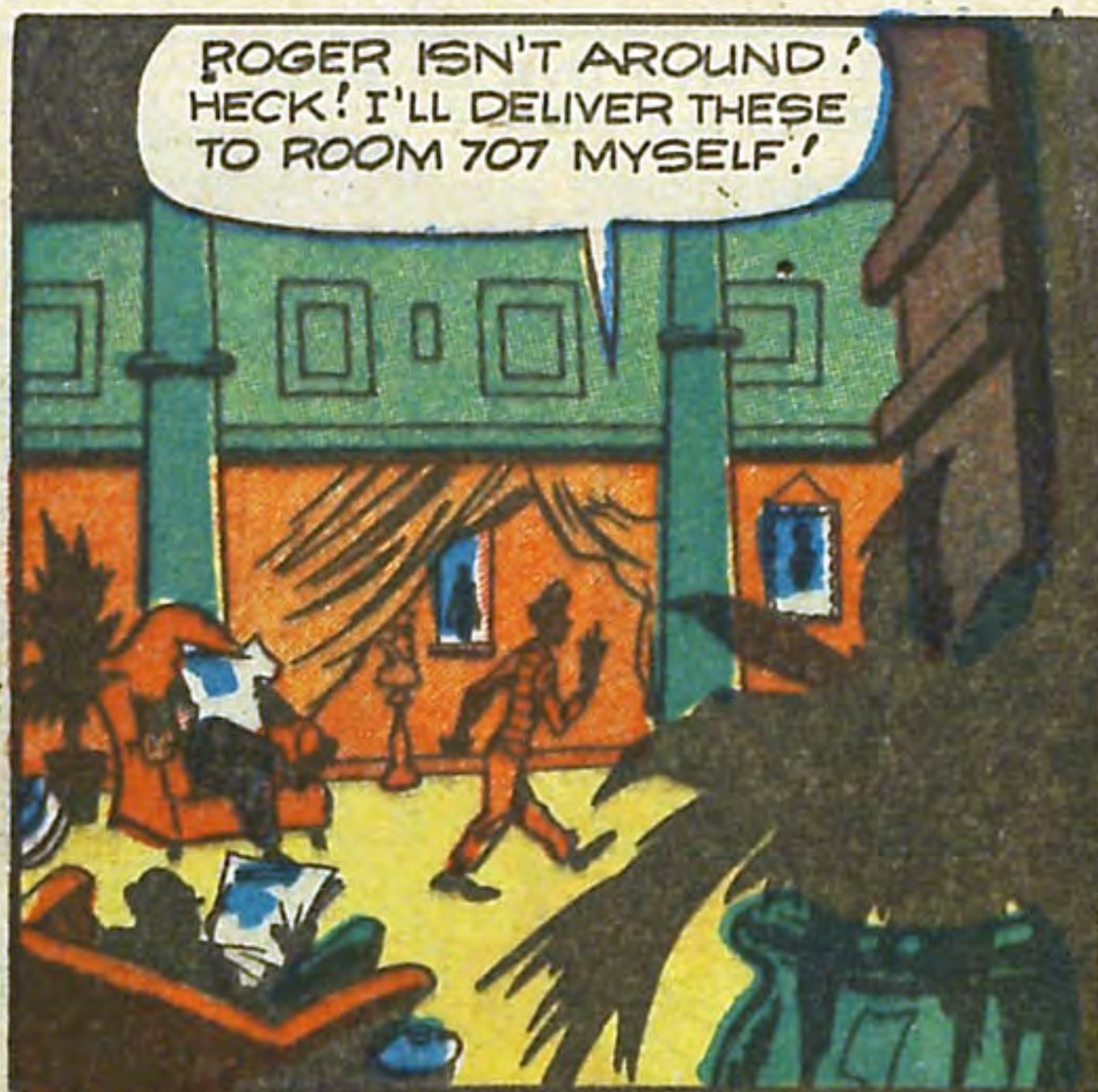
I THOUGHT THERE WAS A CATCH TO IT!







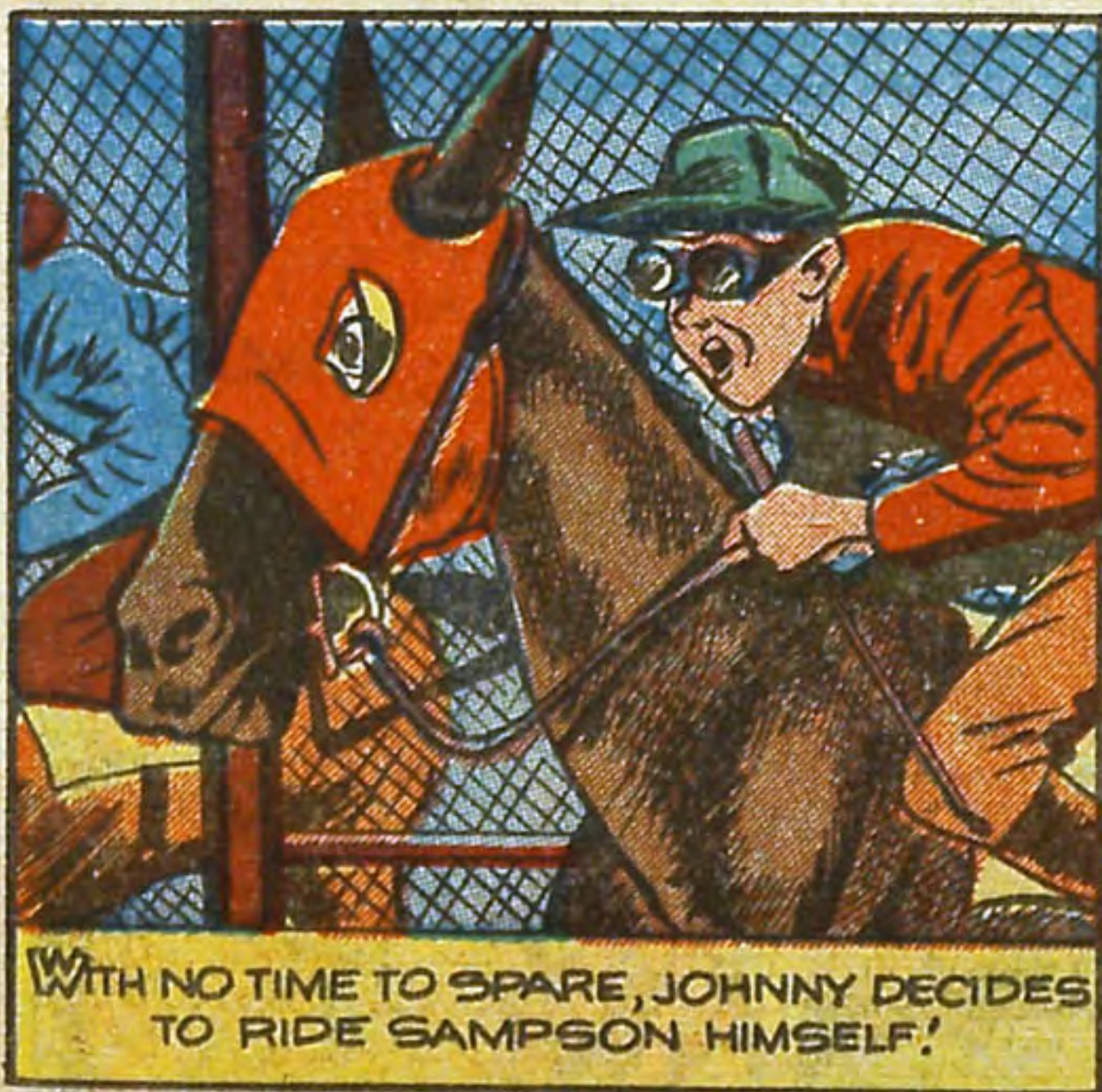


















# Seven Furlongs for Bombshell

By BILL HARR

Now it can be told—because nobody would listen before—about how the Pipp Boys—Manny, Moe and Jack—smashed a Nazi ring of saboteurs during the war.

But first, a word about the extraordinary Pipp Boys, a trio of nitwits who usually out-nit the best wits by virtue of their own individual brand of stupidity.

Manny the plump, a moon-faced individual with a planet-like body, once won first prize in a parade of helium-filled gargoyles—and he wasn't even playing! Moe, a mop-haired character with a caricature of a face for a face, used to model for Hallowe'en masks. Jack, a sad-faced elongated moron, rented himself out as a scarecrow during the depression. All in all, the Pipp Boys applied their lack of any talent whatsoever to the necessary evil of making a living—but only when pangs of hunger forced the issue.

In this amazing episode, Hans Fritz, the chief Nazi spy, was—of all things—the racing selector on the *Daily Call*. Whenever there was a bridge to be blown up, he would notify his henchmen by using pre-arranged coded phrases in his horse comments.

Before the spies got started on their heinous endeavors, however, the F.B.I. men nabbed Fritz and slapped him in the clink for questioning, among other subtleties. That left the *Daily Call* without a pony prognosticator.

At this propitious moment, the Pipp Boys were sitting in a park and wondering where their next meal was coming from. A copy of the *Daily Call* blew in front of them and there, in big letters, was an ad for a racing selector.

In view of the fact that the Pipp Boys knew nothing about everything, they figured they couldn't know less about handicapping than anything. Thus bolstered by their own inane method of reasoning, they trotted down to the *Daily Call* and sold the worried editor a bill of goods. In no time flat they were installed as the *Daily Call's* racing experts.

Everything went along fine, with the racing patrons who read the *Daily Call* not losing any more money than usual, until the Pipp Boys wrote a comment on a horse named Bombshell. The comment read: BOMBSHELL—not ready yet. It looked innocent enough, but it so happened that "bombshell" also was the spies' code word for dirty work afoot. The spies didn't know that their chief, Fritz,

was in the hoosegow, and they interpreted the code to mean that the time wasn't ripe to blow up the bridge.

Every day the Nazis carefully read the Pipp Boys' daily comments on the nags, and always "bombshell" wasn't ready. Finally they got tired of waiting and paid a visit to the *Daily Call's* so-called racing experts.

"What are you guys doing here?" the head spy hissed.

"Us? Why the chief hired us," blurted Manny the plump. The Nazi thought he meant the chief spy and let it go at that. "Okay," he said. "But what about bombshell?"

"Not a chance!" said Moe, looking as intelligent as any other racing selector.

A few days later, Moe decided that the horse was ready for a winning effort and in that day's *Daily Call* appeared the comment: BOMBSHELL—this is the day! Then things happened.

When the spies read that, they were overjoyed. They set about gathering their equipment and then rushed out to the bridge which they were going to blow up. In the meantime, however, Fritz, the chief spy, spilled the beanolas to the G-men about the code system. That sent the F.B.I. fellows speeding to the *Daily Call* where they quizzed the Pipp Boys.

Suddenly Moe remembered that he had written the comment: BOMBSHELL—this is the day. "Ye Gods!" yelled the top G-man. "We've got to get to the bridge and stop 'em!"

The F.B.I.ers and the Pipp Boys (what a combination), rushed to the bridge and nabbed the spies before they had the chance to light their firecrackers. Thus the Pipp Boys—Manny, Moe and Jack—were instrumental, although unwittingly, in smashing the enemy sabotage ring. But that's not the end of the story.

The owner of the *Daily Call* happened to be at the race track that very day. He was picking his own horses and losing every bet. Finally he decided to read his own paper and see what his selectors picked. As luck would have it, Bombshell was the selection in the next race. He had heard a lot about the horse lately and decided to sink the remainder of his wad on the hayburner. It lost!

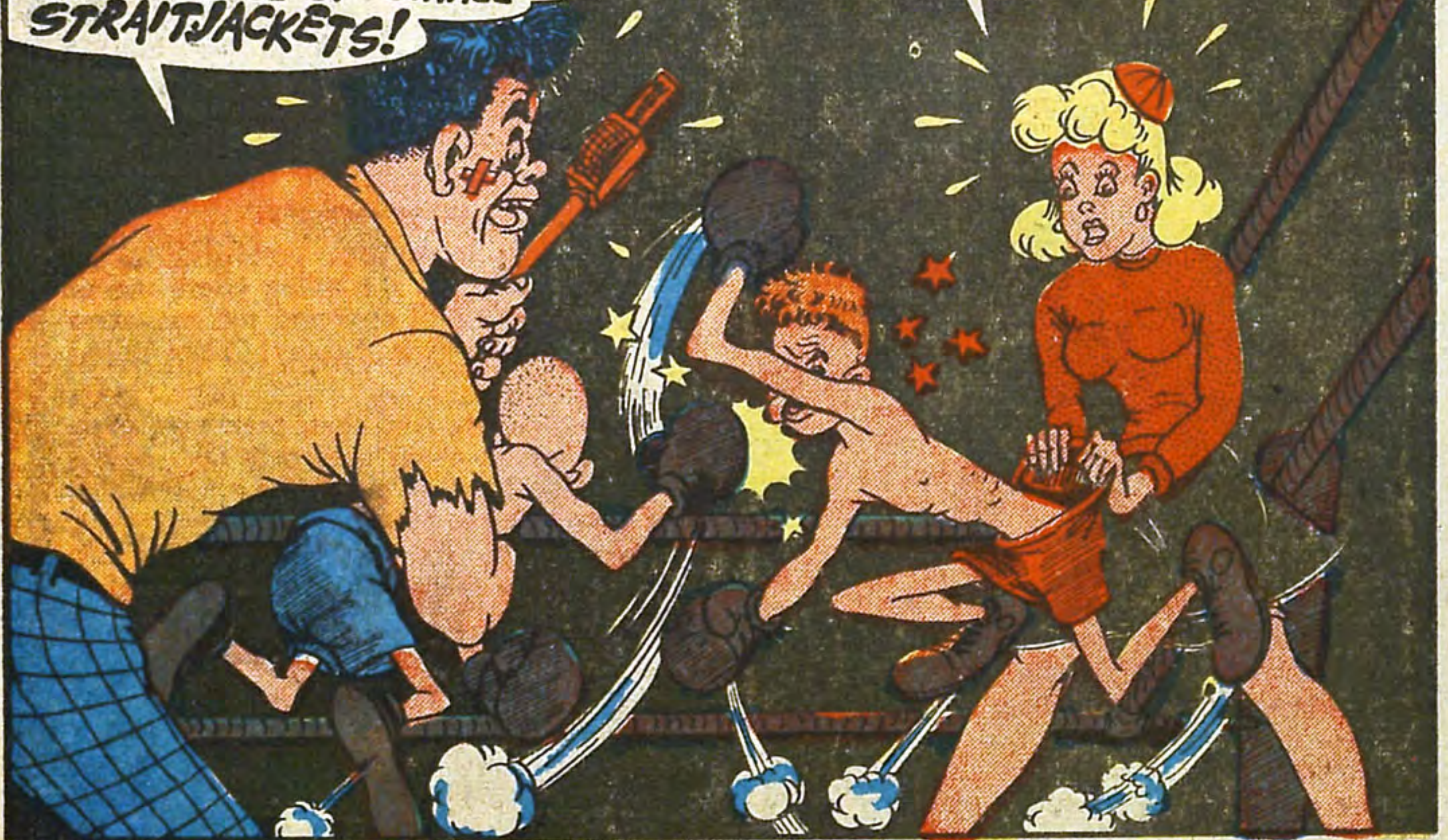
And so it came to pass that when the Pipp Boys returned to the *Daily Call* building, all elated over helping the G-men capture the spies, they were fired!



# PUNCH & CUTIEY

BEFORE I CAN ANNOUNCE THE WINNER OF THE MOSQUITO WEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP, WILL SOMEBODY PLEASE TOSS ME A COUPLE OF SMALL STRAITJACKETS!

OR A WILDCAT TAMER!



HOWDY DO, MISS CUTIEY! I CAME OVER TO SEE YOUR BROTHER!

DOC DINGLE? PUNCH IS WORKING ON HIS SCRAPBOOK, BUT COME RIGHT IN!

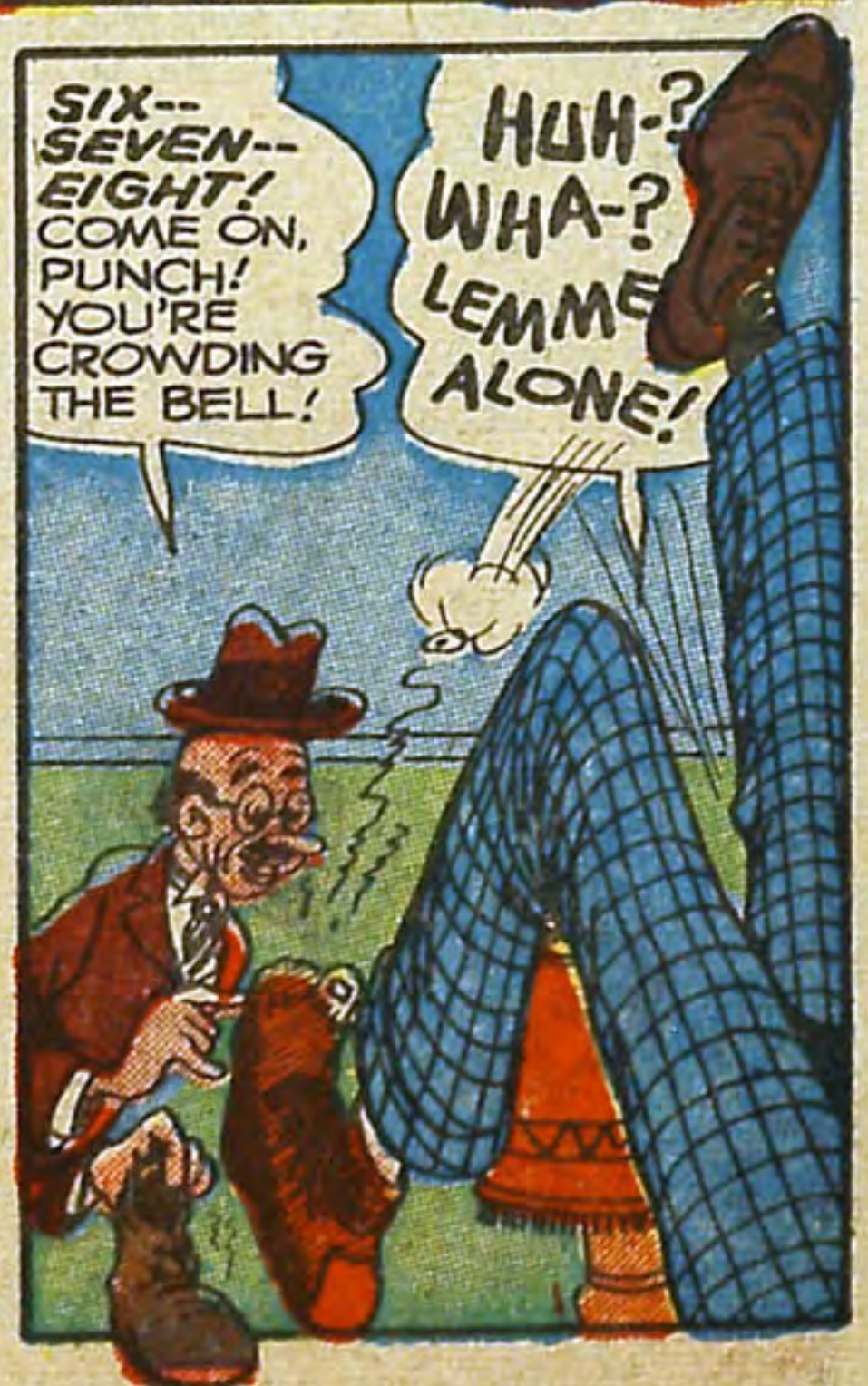


ER RHEM! I SEE THE CHAMPION IS RESTING ON HIS LAURELS! I'LL HAVE TO TICKLE HIM!



SIX-- SEVEN-- EIGHT! COME ON, PUNCH! YOU'RE CROWDING THE BELL!

HUH--? WHA--? LEMME ALONE!





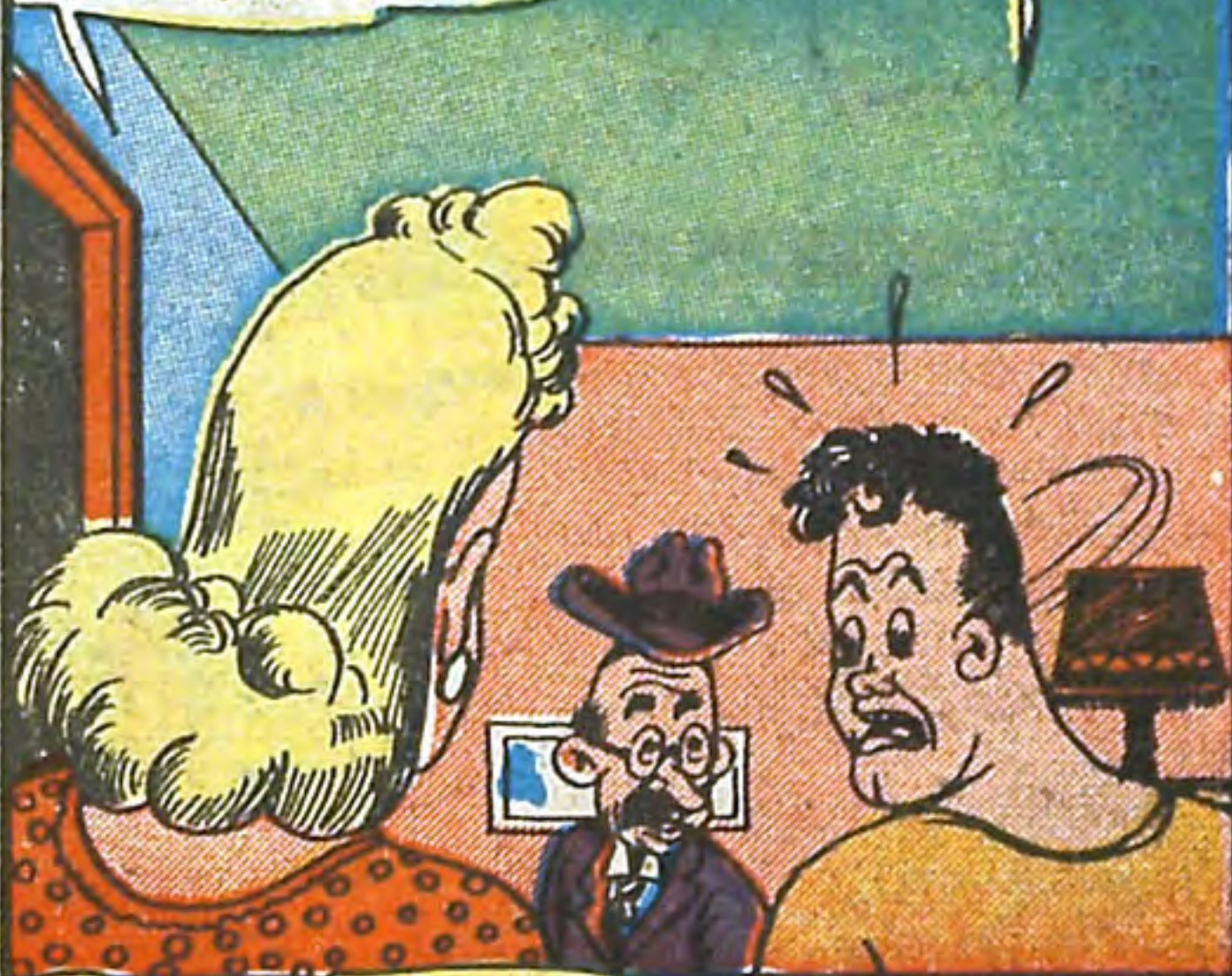
DOC DINGLE! WHAT'S COOKIN', DOC, BESIDES **HAMS** WITH CAULIFLOWER?

HOW'D YOU LIKE TO REFEREE THE SILVER GLOVES FINALS?



WHY, HE'D LOVE TO KEEP YOUR AMATEURS FROM **MURDERING** EACH OTHER, DOC!

AW-- CUTEY! ER, WELL-- OKAY!



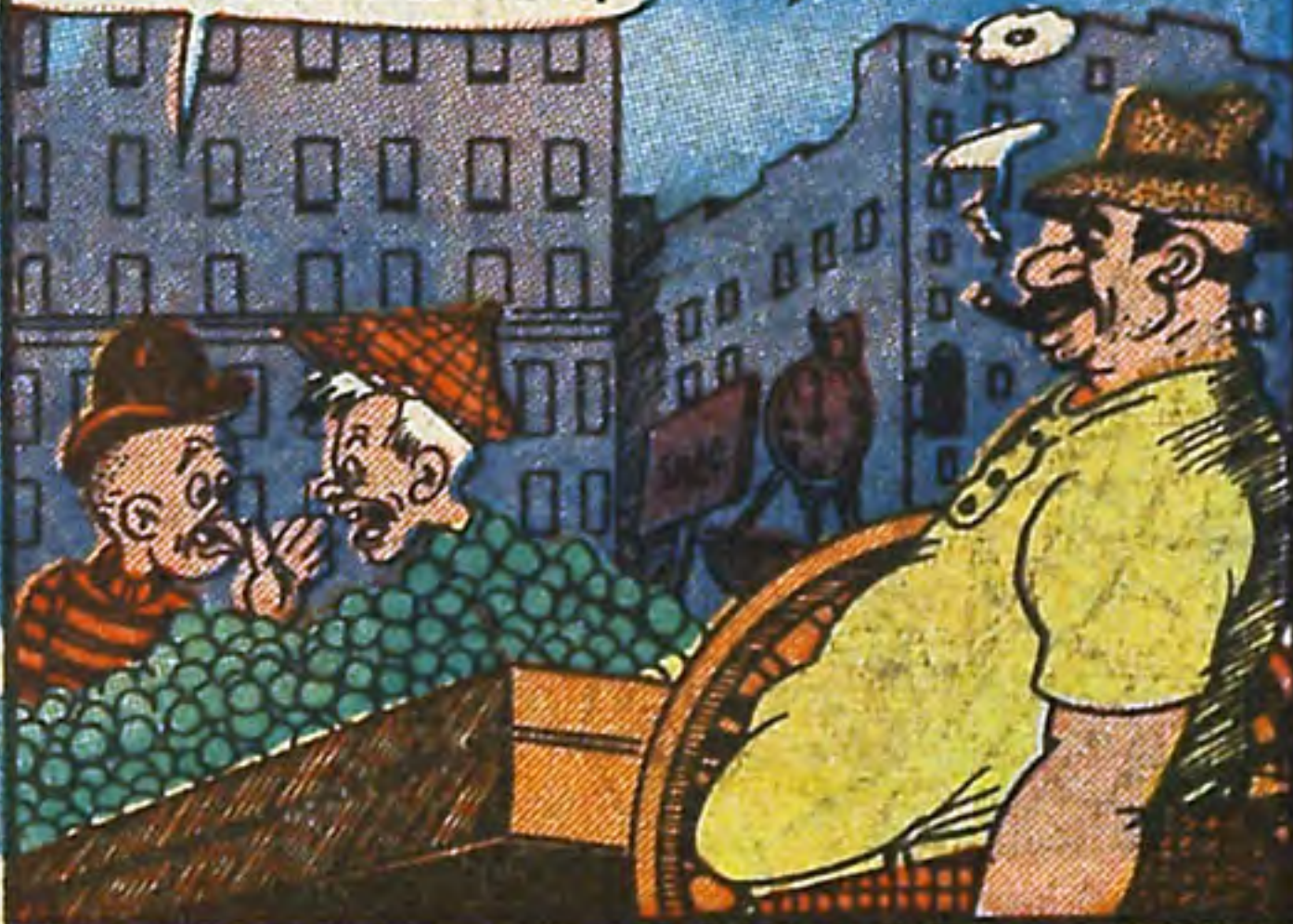
THEN I'LL SEE YOU BOTH AT THE SPORTS PALACE FRIDAY NIGHT AT EIGHT O'CLOCK SHARP!



**East Side--**

HEY, SLAPSY! YUH HEAR ABOUT PUNCH O'MALLEY GONNA REFEREE THE SILVER GLOVES?

YEAH-- I DINT THINK HE HAD THAT MUCH GUTS!



**West Side--**

YUH MEAN I GOTTA TAKE A BATH FIRST? **NUTS!**

PUNCH WON'T ALLOW THAT SORT OF FIGHTIN' TOMORROW NIGHT, SPIKE! YOU'VE GOTTA BE CLEAN!



**And all around the town--**

YUH THINK PUNCH CAN HANDLE THEM KIDS TOMORROW NIGHT, MOE?

IT'S HIS **FUNERAL** IF HE DON'T!



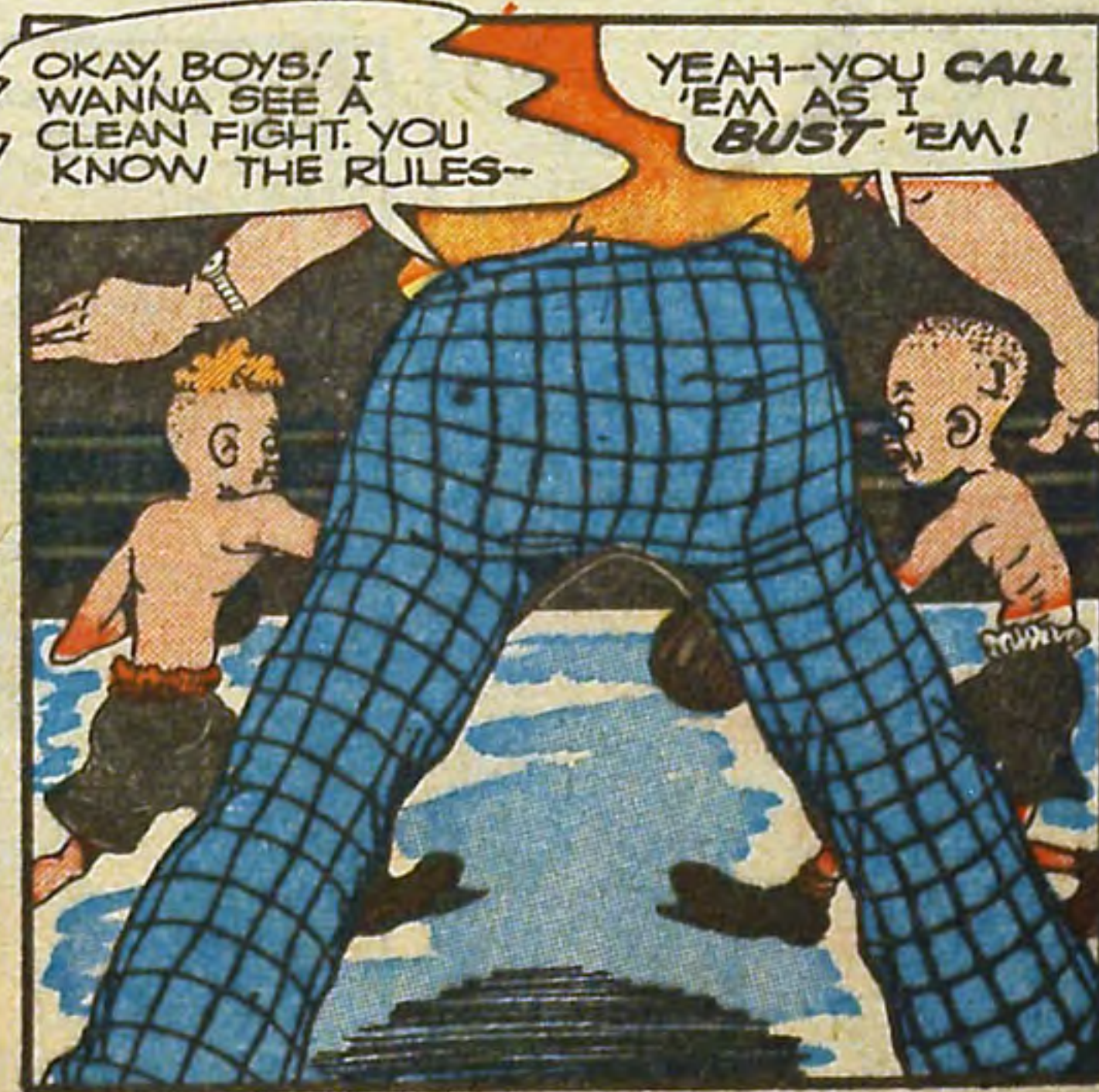
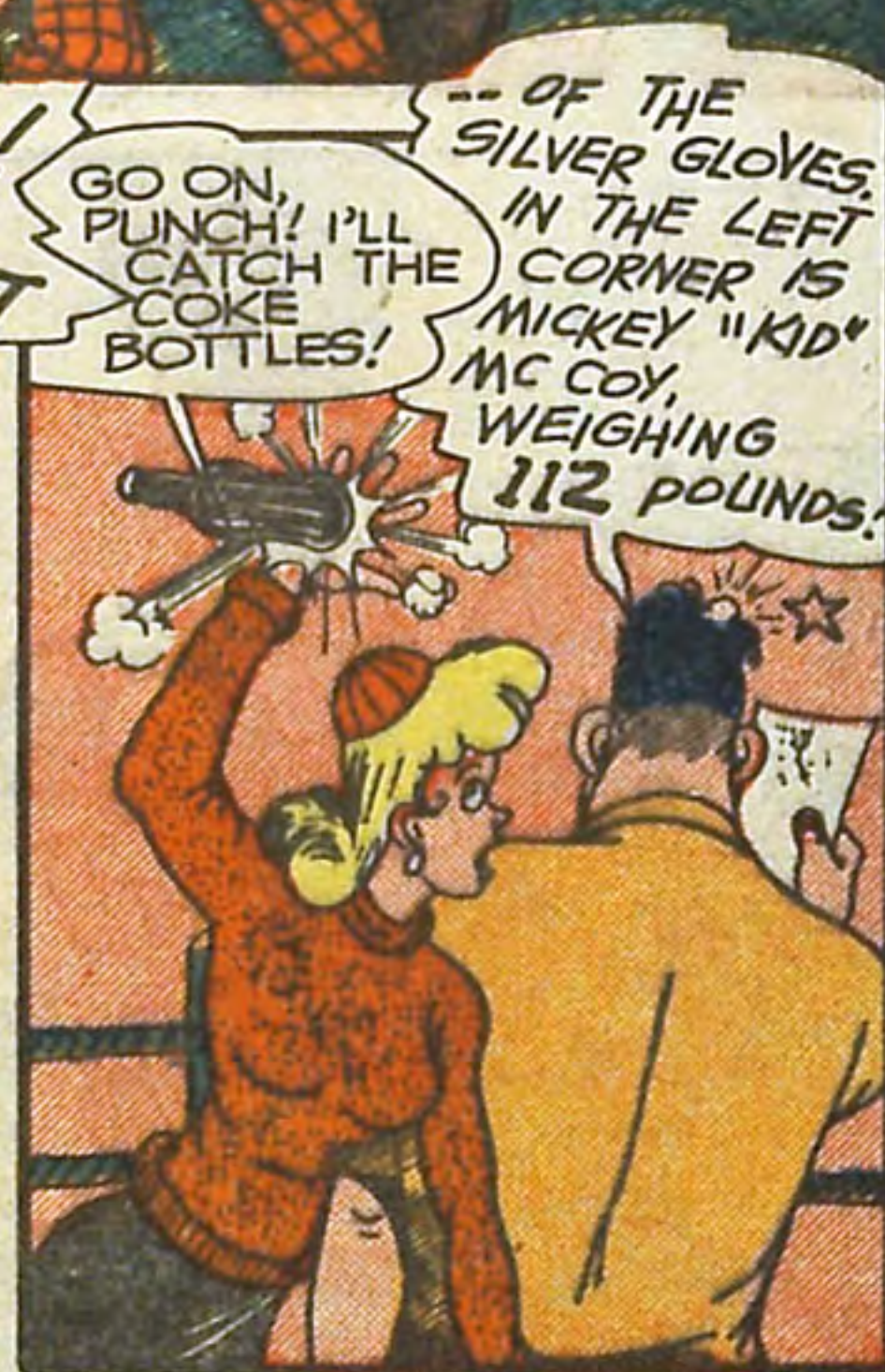
**The following night at the Sports Palace--**

LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE STILL POPULAR, PUNCH!

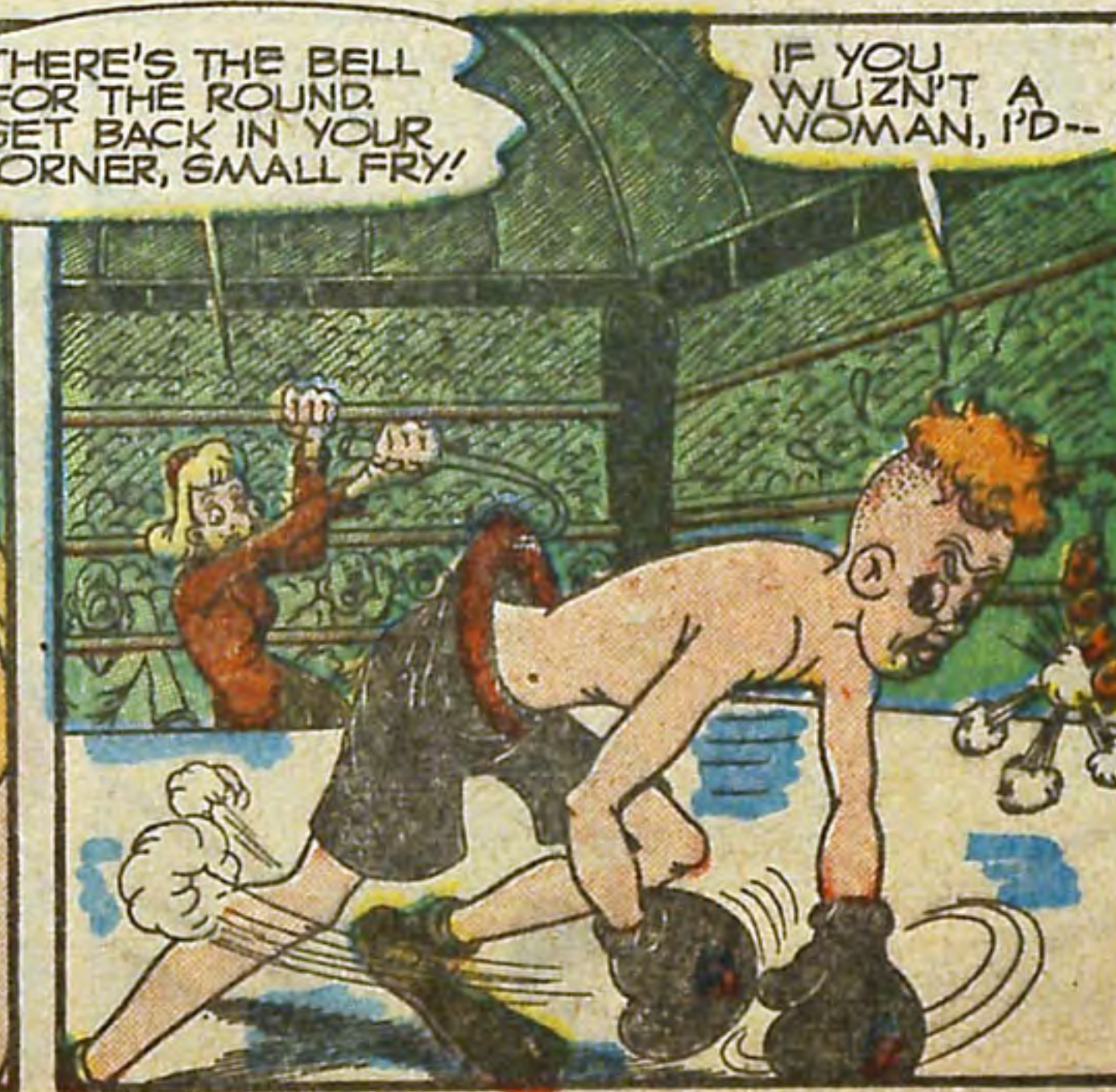
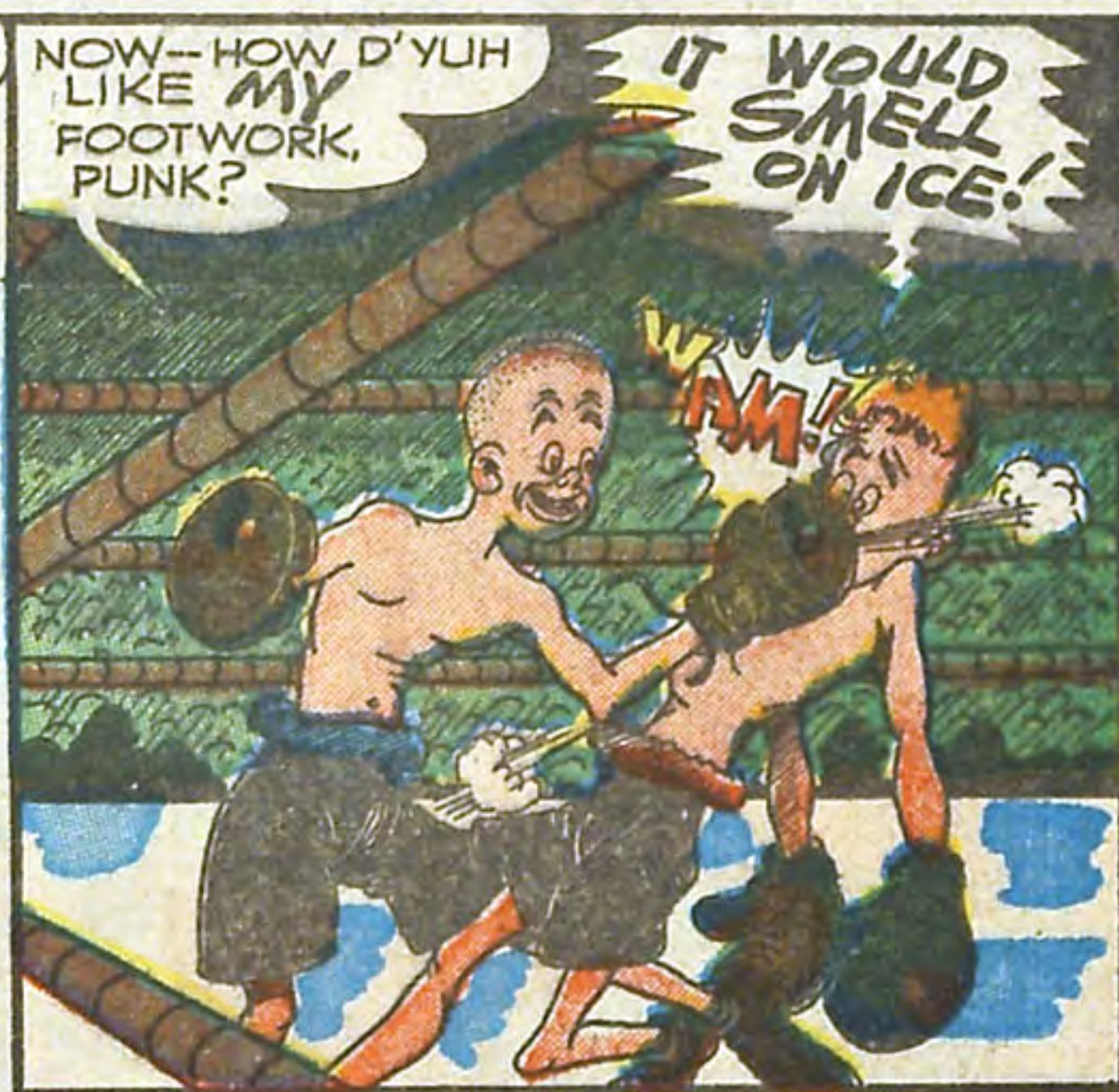
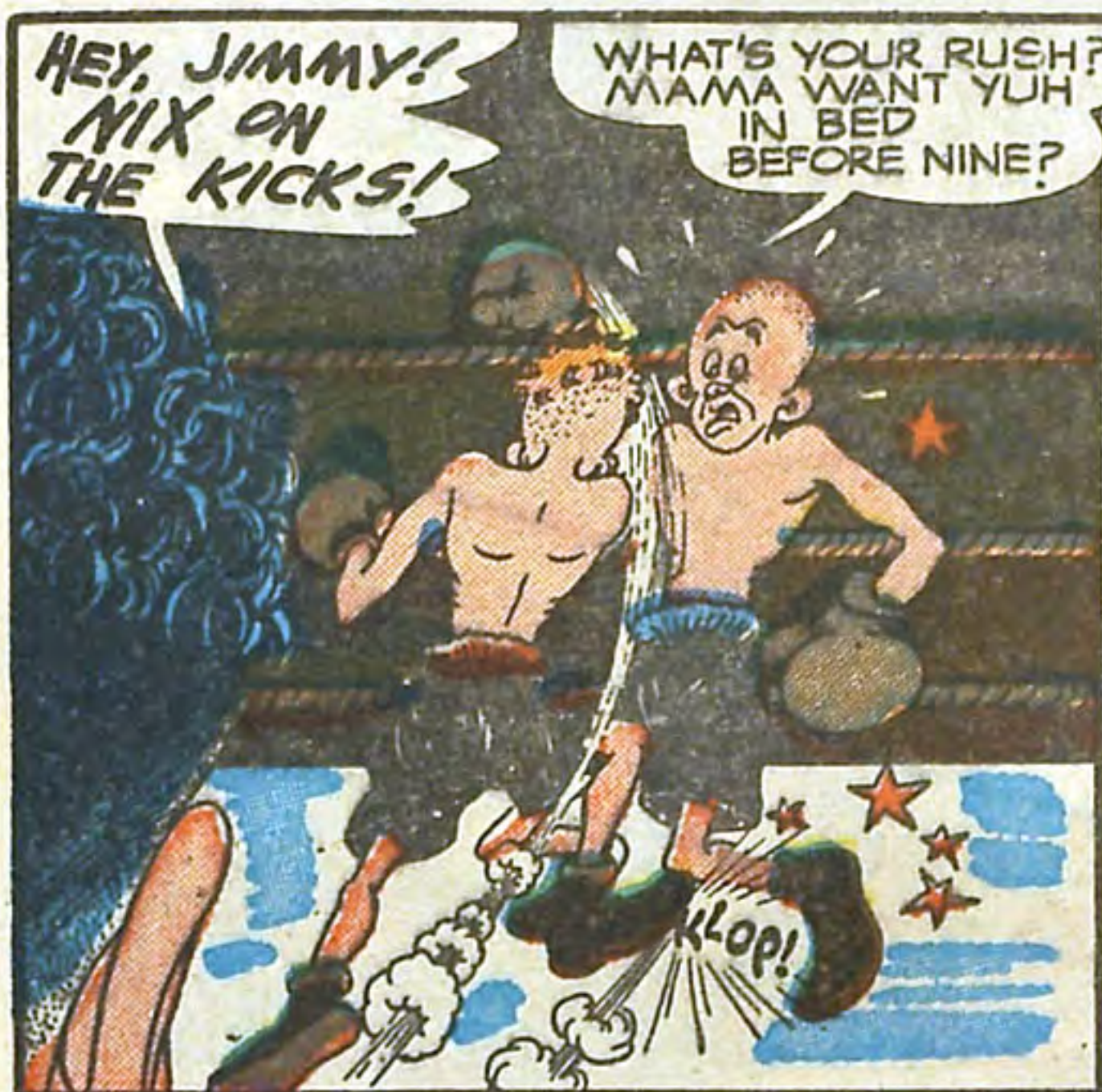
AW, C'MON, PUNCH!-- GIMME YOUR AUTOGRAPH TOO













I WAS SAVED BY THE **BELL** CUTEY! THOSE KIDS ARE **TERRORS**!



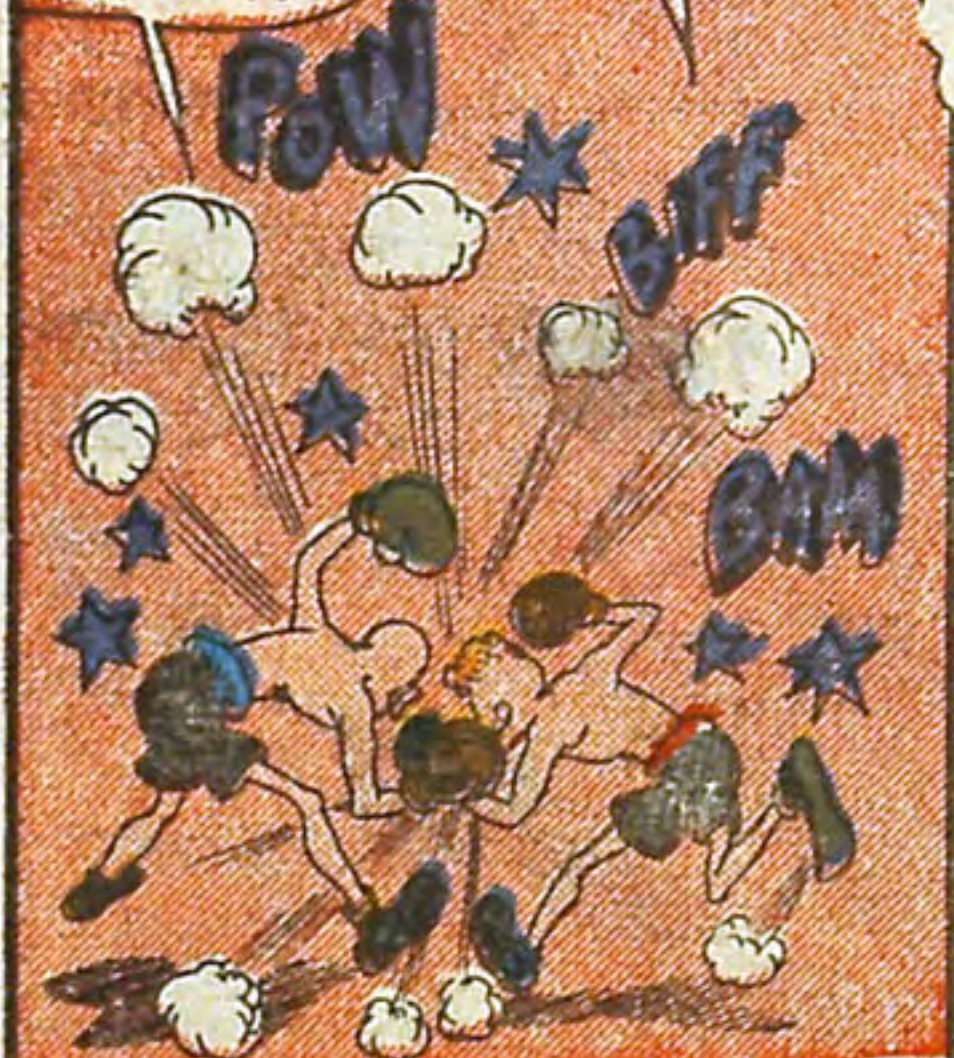
GIVE 'EM PLENTY OF ROOM IN THE NEXT ROUND, PUNCH!

I'M SITTING **THIS** ROUND OUT. TEAR YOURSELVES APART FOR ALL I CARE!



OKAY, PUNCH! JUST WATCH!!

WHATSA MATTER, CAN'T YUH TAKE IT, SQUIRT?



IT'S **YOU** WHO'S BACKIN' UP!

HEY, YOU! PUNCH O'MALLEY! THEY'LL KILL 'EMSELVES!



BREAK IT UP, PUNCH! YOU'RE THE REFEREE!

OKAY, YOUSE BRATS! BREAK THE CLINCH!



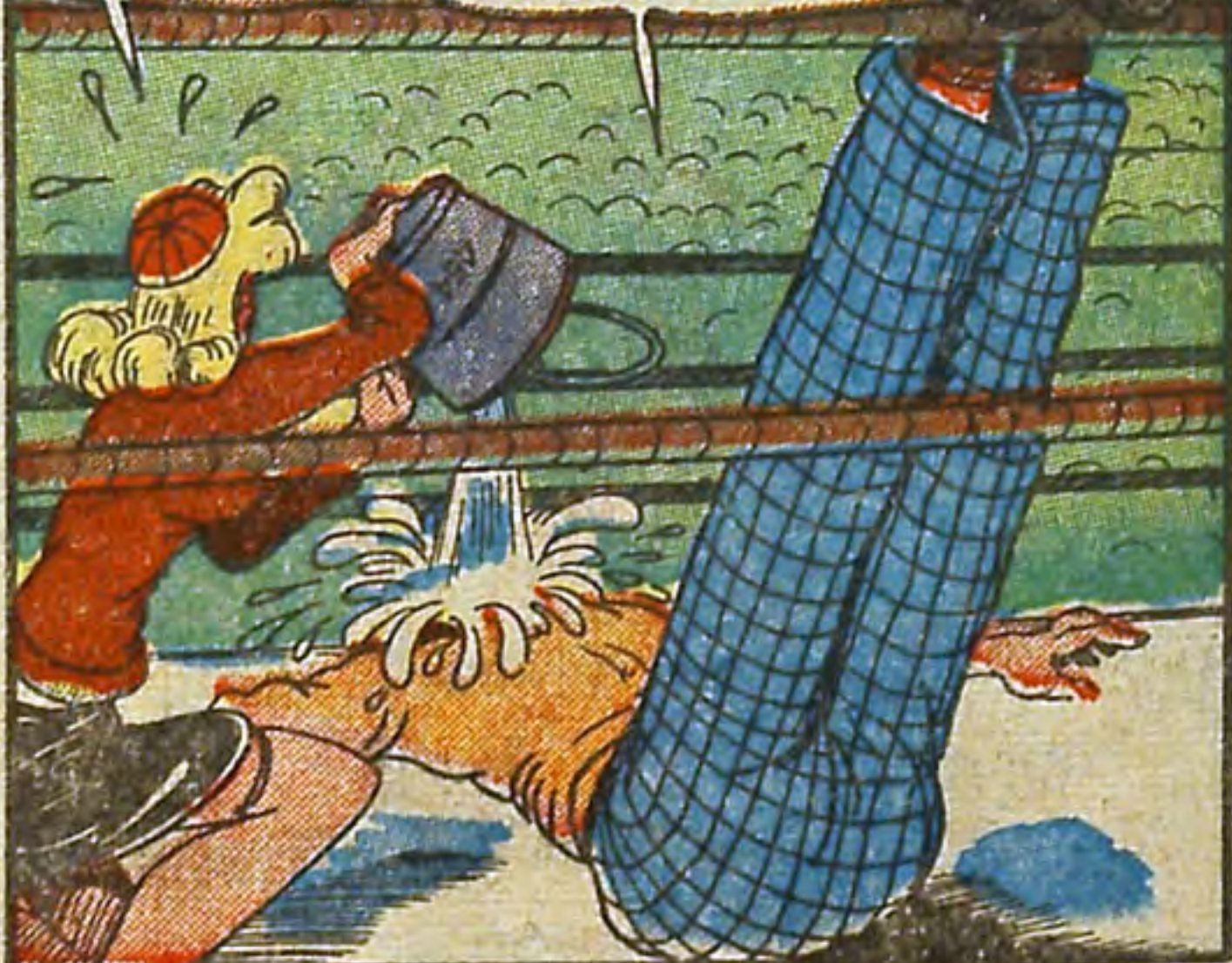
JUST AS YOU SAY, SIR!



WE ALWAYS BREAK AT THE BELL, MR. O'MALLEY!

SPEAK TO ME, PUNCH! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

YEAH-I-I- I-MUST'VE FELL ASLEEP ON THE STOOL AN' HADDA DREAM!





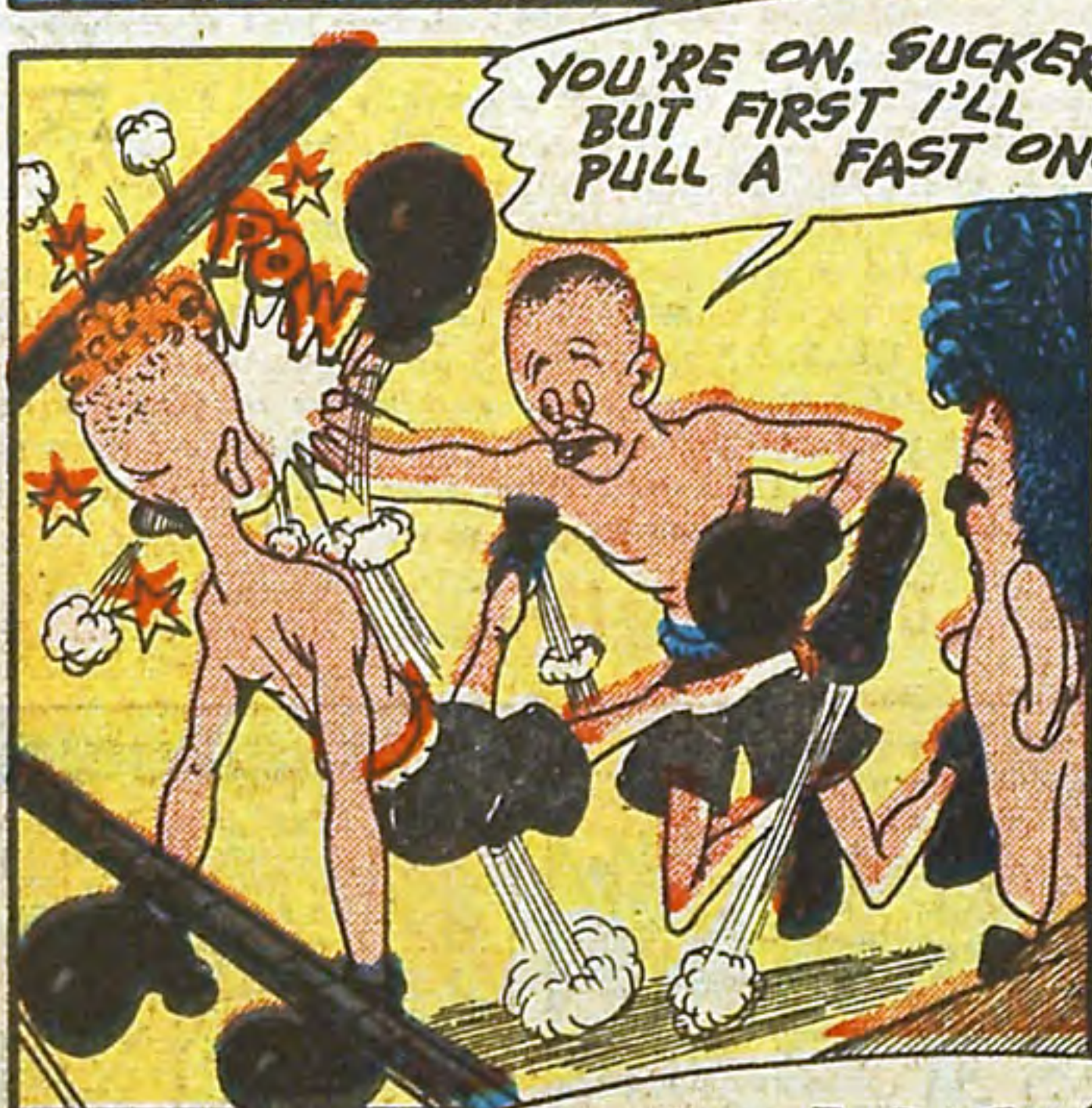
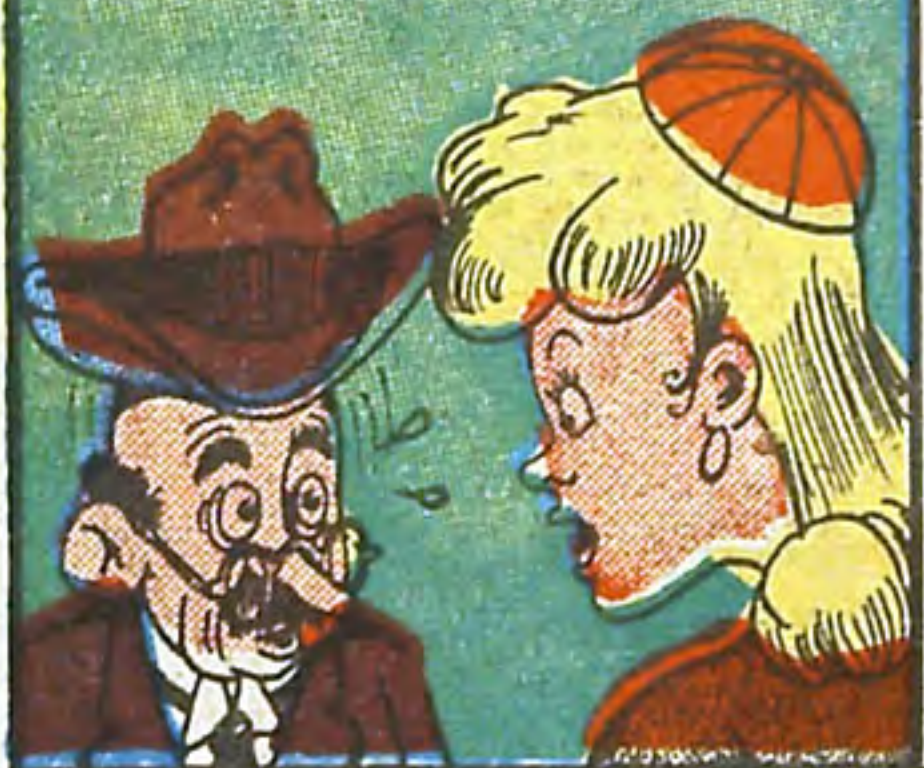
NO WONDER PUNCH FAINTED, CUTEY. THE BOYS WON'T GO AT IT SO HOT AND HEAVY IN THE THIRD ROUND!

SLOW MOTION PICTURES OF THIS SCRAP WOULD MAKE ME DIZZY, DOC!

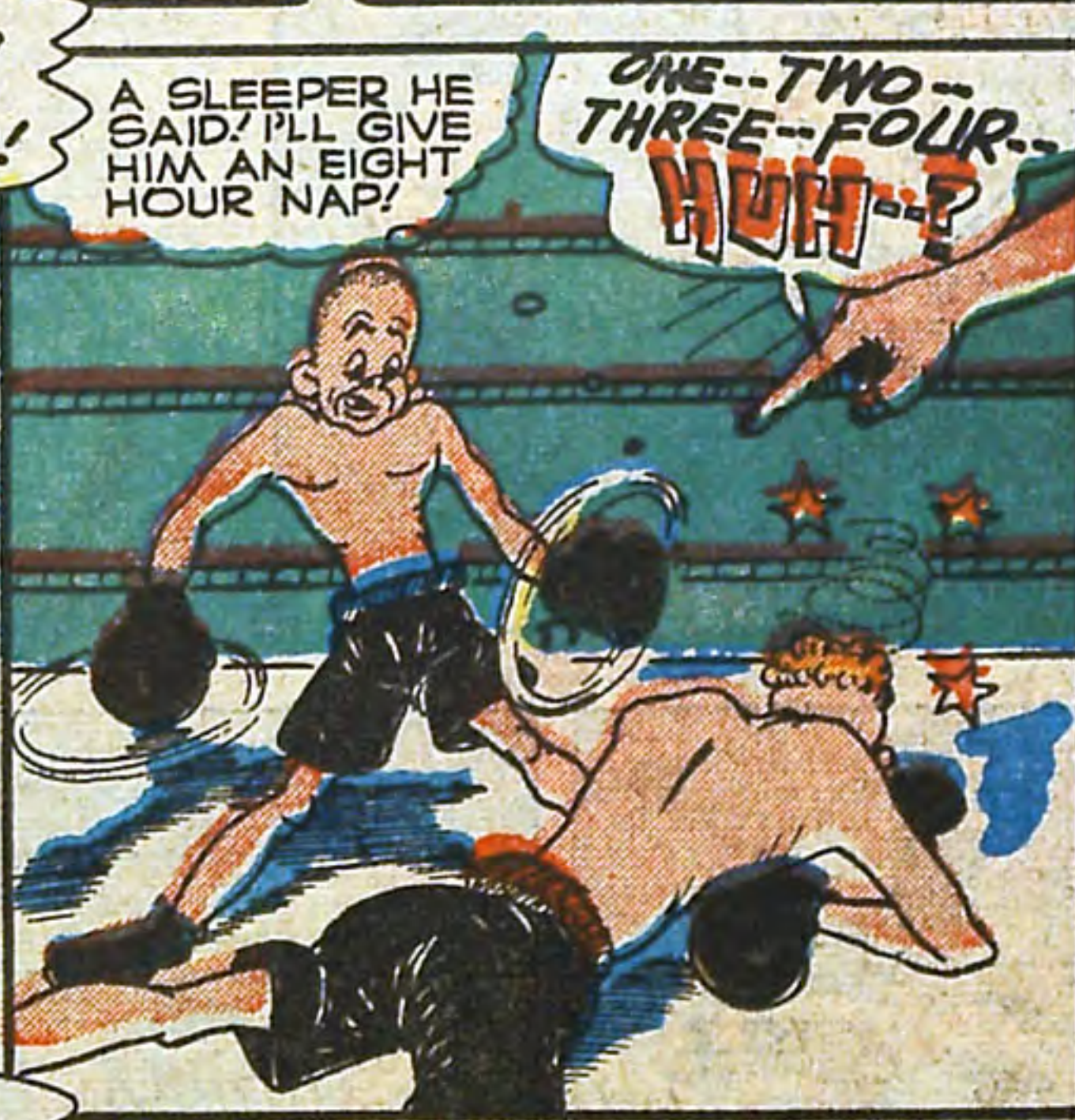
C'MON NOW, BOYS! SHOW THE FANS SOME SCIENTIFIC BOXING AN' CUT OUT THE STREET FIGHT TACTICS!

HOW'S ABOUT MAKING THIS ROUND A SLEEPER, JIMMY?

OKAY-- I'LL PULL MY PUNCHES IF YOU PULL YOURS!



YOU'RE ON, SUCKER! BUT FIRST I'LL PULL A FAST ONE!

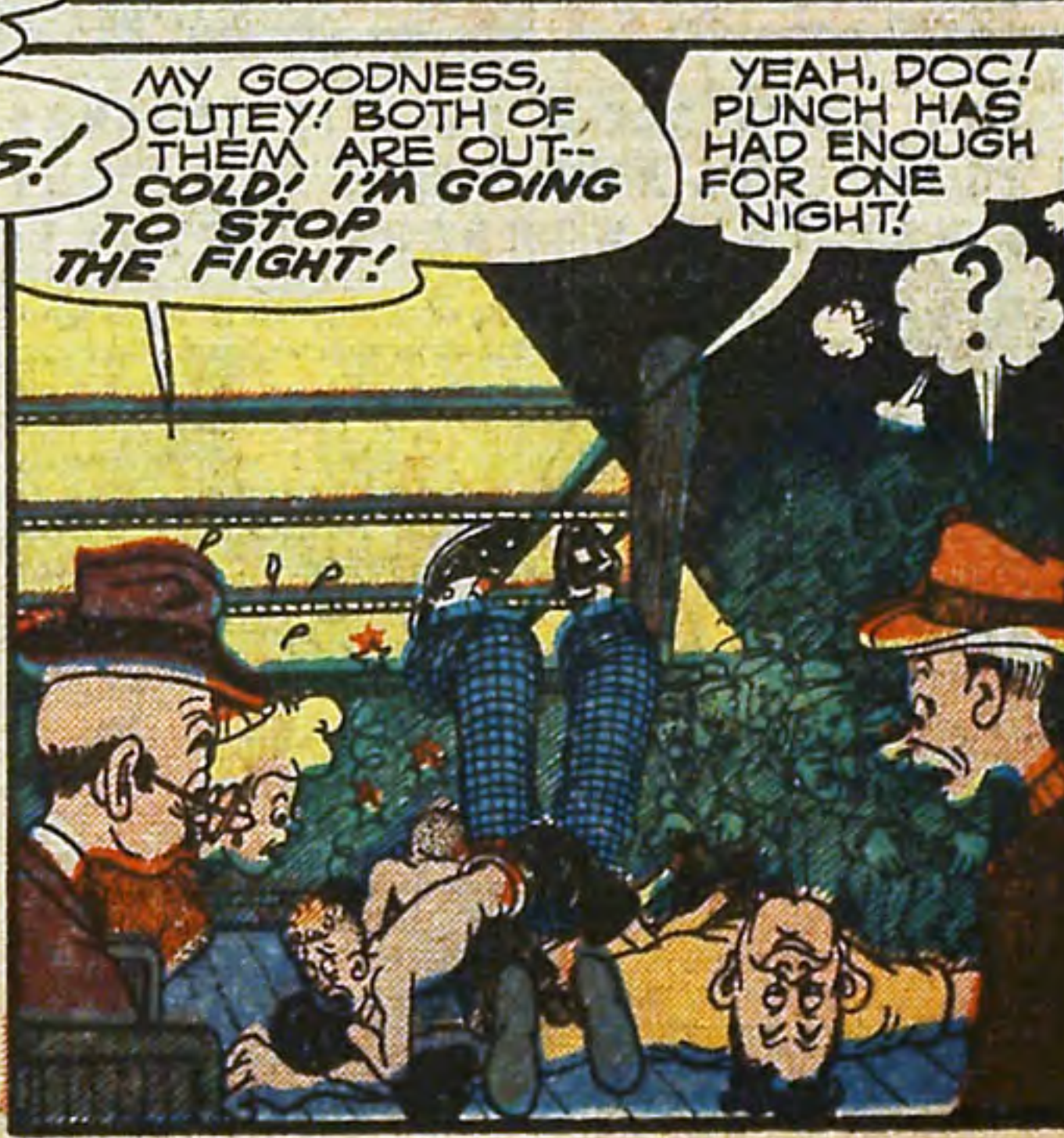


A SLEEPER HE SAID! I'LL GIVE HIM AN EIGHT HOUR NAP!

ONE--TWO--THREE--FOUR--  
**HUH--?**



HEY, COME BACK! YOU CAN'T FIGHT OUTSIDE THE ROPES!



MY GOODNESS, CUTEY! BOTH OF THEM ARE OUT-- COLD! I'M GOING TO STOP THE FIGHT!

YEAH, DOC! PUNCH HAS HAD ENOUGH FOR ONE NIGHT!



YOUR EMBARRASSING SKIN CONDITION MAY BE OVERCOME!

# PIMPLES CLEARED BLACKHEADS CHECKED

*This Easy, Safe, New Way* **OR DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK!**



★ **OVERNIGHT** YOU SHOULD SEE A MIRACULOUS DIFFERENCE IN THE APPEARANCE OF YOUR SKIN NOW BLEMISHED WITH PIMPLES OF EXTERNAL ORIGIN!

*So easy to use.. Harmless.. Greaseless!*

Do you want a clearer complexion, free from acne itch, unsightly pimples and blackheads that cause so many fellows and girls embarrassment? Don't let blemishes of outward origin make you self-conscious, cause you unhappiness and mar your normal good looks. Now you, too, may enjoy clearer, smoother, healthier looking skin by making this simple *overnight* test with KLEEREX, the amazing new skin lotion that actually helps clear up acne itch, pimples and blemishes, externally caused; and tends to check blackheads. KLEEREX is so easy to use that you'll be amazed! No more fussing with messy preparations. Greaseless, liquid KLEEREX dries on skin, leaves no stains on pillows or clothing! In the morning, you should see a remarkable difference in the very appearance of your skin! The skillfully blended medicated ingredients in KLEEREX are perfectly safe; contains no mercury, nothing harmful. Make this convincing test and prove to yourself that KLEEREX may dry up your pimples and clear them up sooner than you ever dreamed possible. Remember, noticeable results are guaranteed or double your money back! Just mail the coupon now.

**IF YOU WANT A CLEARER COMPLEXION, DO WHAT JANE AND BOB DID:**



**IF YOU DON'T SEE A DEFINITE CHANGE IN YOUR SKIN'S APPEARANCE OVERNIGHT YOU GET THIS WONDERFUL BONUS!**

KLEEREX has the enthusiastic praise of thousands of users who, to their thrilled surprise, found their skin clearer, smoother and fresher-looking after first application. Don't put up with acne itch, pimples and blackheads any longer. Make this easy test right away and then see the difference yourself. If your externally caused blemishes aren't quickly dried, if KLEEREX doesn't help clear your skin, return and get **DOUBLE** yes **DOUBLE** your **MONEY BACK!** Act now—mail coupon today.

**Send No Money—MAIL COUPON**

Meet people unashamed and self-confident, when skin looks clearer. Send for your trial of KLEEREX on the special introductory offer that may mean so much to your future happiness, popularity and good looks. Send no money. Just mail coupon. Upon arrival of package, pay postman only \$1.00 plus postage. Cash orders sent postpaid. If you aren't thrilled with the different appearance of your skin, return package and get **DOUBLE** your money back. Don't wait. Mail the coupon now!

**MAKE THIS AMAZING TEST AT OUR RISK—MAIL COUPON TODAY**

Just fill out the convenient coupon below and mail it. Upon arrival make the amazingly easy KLEEREX test. Just cleanse your face, then apply KLEEREX with brush provided. Notice how quickly KLEEREX dries on the skin, medicating at the same time it helps heal acne itch and pimples of outward origin. Then see the astounding results next morning. You won't risk a thing... should gain so much. Order your KLEEREX now.

**RUSH THIS COUPON NOW!**

KLEEREX CO., Dept. 175-2005 S. Michigan, Chicago 16, Ill.  
I want to test KLEEREX to help clear up pimples, acne itch (externally caused). I'll pay postman \$1.00 plus C.O.D. postage on arrival with understanding that I may return package for **DOUBLE MY MONEY BACK** if not satisfied. (\$1.00 enclosed, with coupon and you pay postage.)

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ ZONE \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

KLEEREX CO., Dept. 175-2005 S. Michigan, Chicago 16, Ill.



# It's a FACT

Glenn Wager, a college player kicked himself and fractured his jaw while practicing kicking field goals in 1943



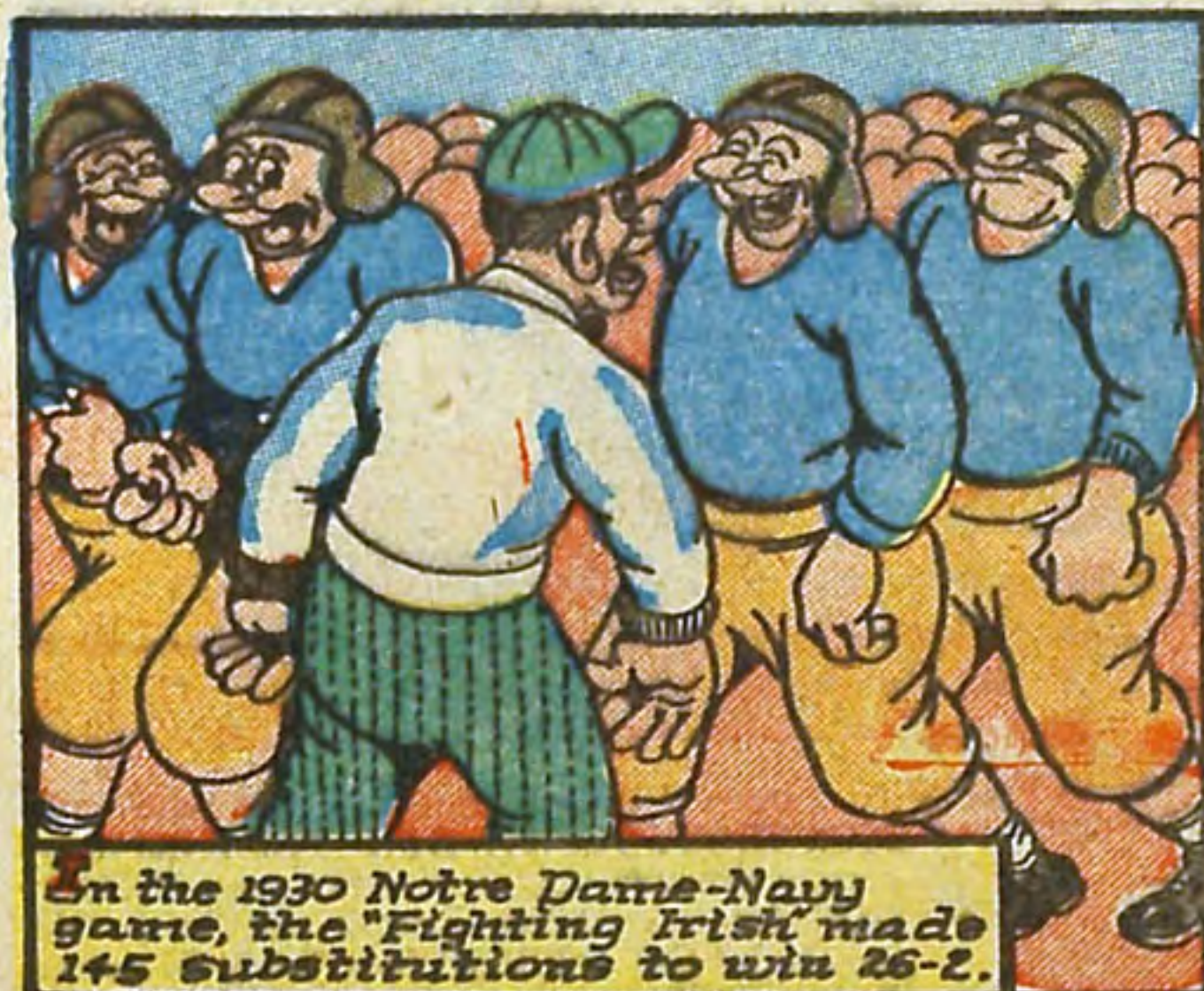
"Big Bill" Edwards, ex-Tiger guard lost thirty pounds after playing in a Princeton-Yale football game.



Frank Hinkley, Yale's All-American end weighed only 152 pounds, yet it is said not a yard was gained around him during his four years of collegiate football.



In 1930, Cliff Battles of West Virginia Weslevans made touchdowns of 66, 68, 73, 80, 88, 97 and 97 yards.



In the 1930 Notre Dame-Navy game, the "Fighting Irish" made 145 substitutions to win 26-2.



Walfbach Haynes of U of Washington is the only man to score all the points in one game with both sides scoring. In 1935, against Southern California, he was thrown for a safety--2 points. Then he made a touchdown and won.



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News About  
a Sensational  
**FREE**  
Offer to  
DICK TRACY Fans

# GET THIS AUTHENTIC DICK TRACY RAPID-FIRE TOMMY GUN

that LOOKS and SOUNDS  
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**Be Sure You Get  
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- ★ Regulated automatic repeater action.
- ★ All-metal, precision-cast, hardened copper alloy.
- ★ Real gun-metal finish.
- ★ Complete with Army-Type shoulder strap.
- ★ Includes Dick Tracy Badge and membership in Dick Tracy Detective Club.

*Over 20 Inches long*

## NOW YOU CAN BE A JUNIOR G-MAN

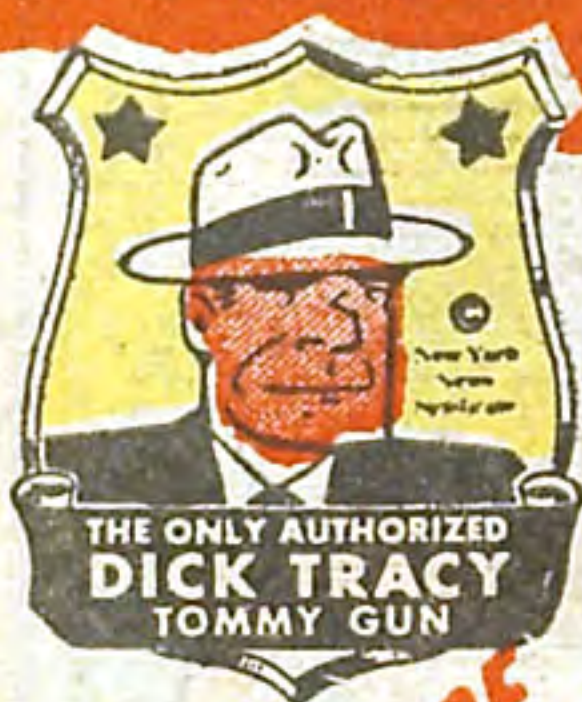
Say, Kids—how would you like to have the one and only authorized Dick Tracy RAPID-FIRE TOMMY GUN patterned after those used by U. S. Army Commandos? Well, you have the chance of a lifetime to get this super-action gun for only \$3.79. Watch the other kid's eyes "pop" when they see this wonderful Tommy gun. And when they hear that realistic "rat-a-tat-tat" of its trigger, they'll stick 'em up in a hurry! Everyone wants one of these genuine Dick Tracy TOMMY GUNS... but it's first come, first served, so get your order in today!

## THE IDEAL GIFT FOR EVERY YOUNGSTER!

**PARENTS:** Here's the perfect gift for your growing boy! If he's a real Dick Tracy fan, his eyes will "pop" when he sees this authentic Dick Tracy TOMMY GUN. And playing Detective with this wonderful Dick Tracy TOMMY GUN and badge will increase his respect for the law, and at the same time offer him a healthy outlet for his "boyish" enthusiasm! This offer is limited to readers of this magazine who mail the coupon IMMEDIATELY! Mail the coupon TODAY, with only \$3.79. Your gun, badge, and Dick Tracy Club membership card will be RUSHED to you by return mail!

**\$3.79**  
POSTPAID

FOR A LIMITED  
TIME ONLY



**TAT-TAT  
RAPID-FIRE  
TRIGGER  
ACTION  
TAT-TAT**

Much  
larger  
than pic-  
tured here!  
Actually  
over 20  
inches  
long



**MAIL HANDY  
COUPON NOW**

**PARKER JOHNS — Dept. DT-110  
408 South Dearborn St., Chicago 5, Ill.**

Please rush my authentic DICK TRACY Tommy Gun and Detective Badge for only \$3.79. If not delighted I may return my gun within 5 days for complete refund and keep the Badge FREE!

### CHECK ONE

- ☐ I am enclosing \$3.79. Please ship postpaid.  
☐ Ship C.O.D. I'll pay postman \$3.79 plus postage.

Prices in Canada add 50¢. All C.O.D.'s

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

Zone \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_



**Free!**

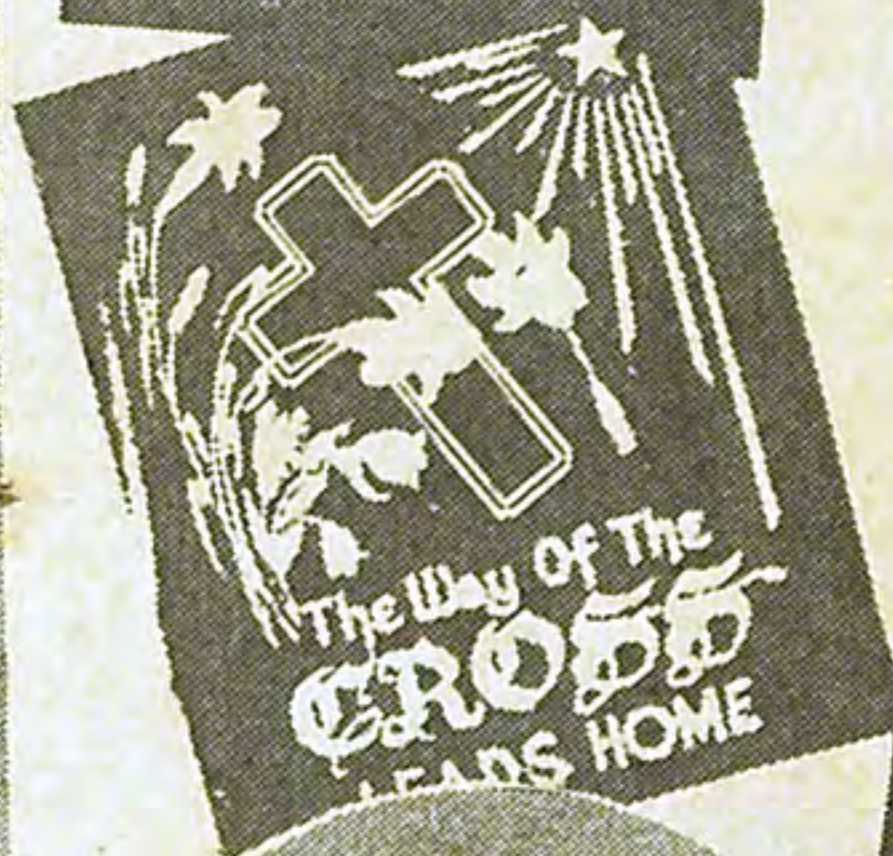
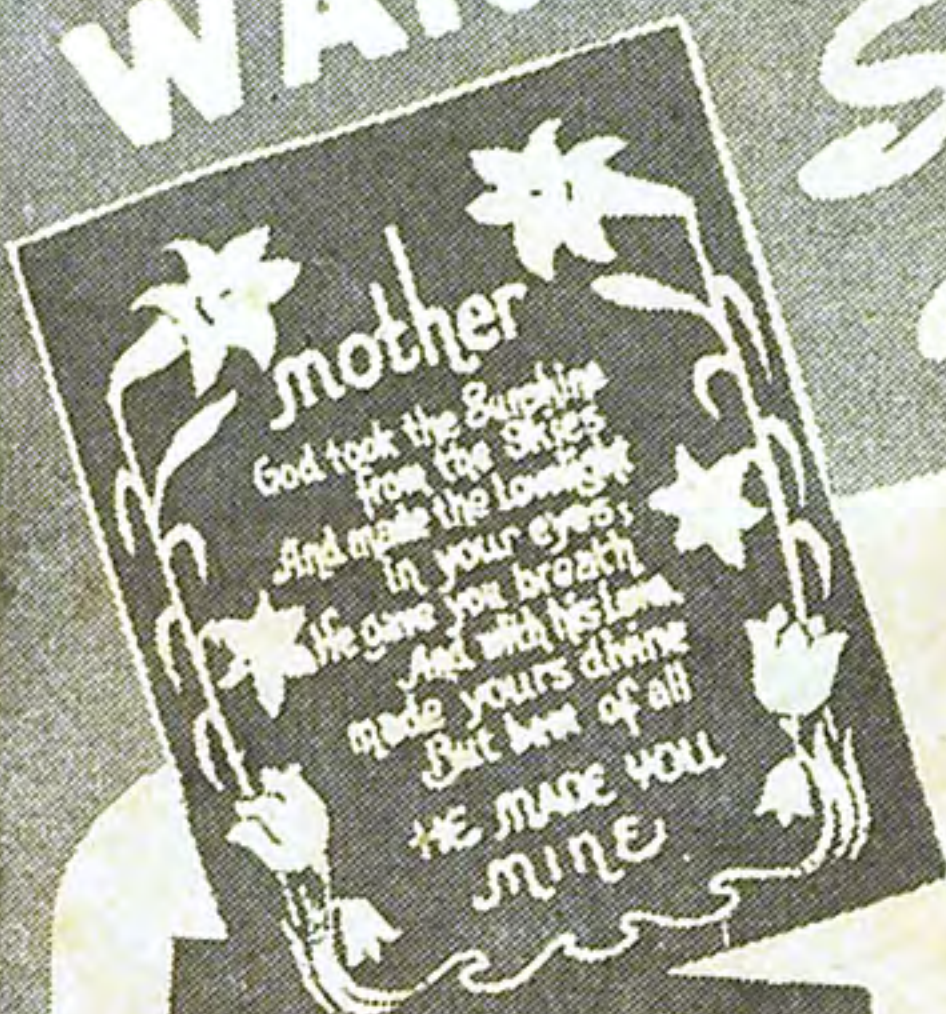
**THIS GENUINE DICK TRACY  
DETECTIVE BADGE IS YOURS TO KEEP...**

... even if you are not delighted with your DICK TRACY TOMMY GUN. Yes, if not completely satisfied you may return your TOMMY GUN for a complete refund and keep this wonderful GOLD FINISH Dick Tracy Detective Badge FREE!



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### SEND US NO MONEY IN ADVANCE

Just write and ask us to send you 40 of these beautiful glittering mottoes which the public likes so well. Sell them easily and quickly to your friends and neighbors for only 35¢ each. At the end of 14 days send back if you wish, all mottoes you have not sold, and send us only 25¢ for each you have sold. You keep all the rest of the money.

**IF YOU SELL 25, YOU KEEP \$2.50**

**IF YOU SELL 30, YOU KEEP \$3.00**

**IF YOU SELL ALL 40 YOU KEEP \$4.00**

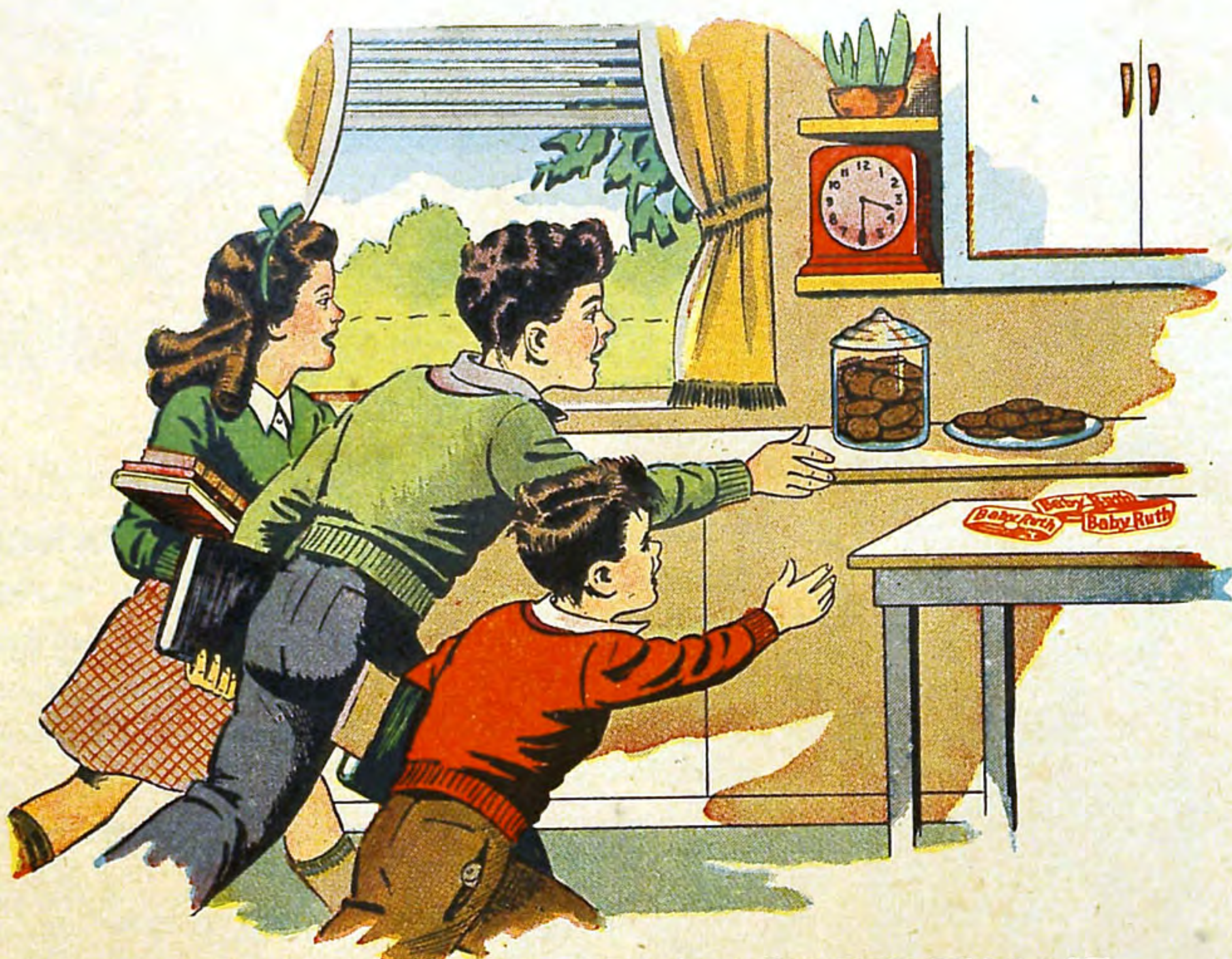
**REMEMBER:** No money is needed in advance. You take no risks. You can return all the mottoes you do not sell. You do not pay shipping costs or split your commission. You keep all the profit on each sale.

**WRITE  
FOR COMPLETE  
DETAILS  
TO**

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**ANY TIME'S THE RIGHT TIME...**

They're my favorite!  
Cookies made with  
Baby Ruth  
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**Good Food:** Mom knows that after-school appetites are quickly satisfied with flavorful **Baby Ruth** candy! And she knows that **Baby Ruth** is rich in dextrose, the sugar your body uses directly for energy.

**CURTISS CANDY CO** • Producers of Fine Foods • **CHICAGO 13, ILL.**



P.  
D.  
C.

# PUNCH

COMICS

10¢

JULY

Yoc Edit  
No. 120



June 14 2012

Another scan by Rangerhouse, edits by Yoc